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FLOWERS FOR THE BRAVE.

[illegible]

IN THE NICK OF TIME.

We are a lonely couple, my old man and I. For nearly fifty years we have lived among the Welsh hills in our little cottage, a quiet uneventful life. Nearly three years ago the iron horse came steaming through our peaceful valley, bearing to us, as it rushed by, some little glimpses of the great busy world from whence it came—stopping for a moment at the tiny station four miles away, then dying on again out into the heart of the hills beyond.

This passing of the noon express came to be the one exciting event of our lives and I we never failed to watch it out of sight as it wound its way around the curves and among the hills that stretched away as far as the eye could see.

One lovely June evening I sat watching for Roger, who had gone over the hills to the station. At last he came in sight, the tired old pony jogging along at his own pace.

"A letter, Linda," he said, as he stopped at the gate.

I hurried to take it, for a letter was no common thing among us quiet country people. It proved to be from a half-sister of Roger's, from whom we had heard nothing for years. She was the child of his father by a second marriage, and had, since her own marriage, always resided in London. Her letter requested permission to send her daughter Bessie to us for a visit. She wished to remove her from the attentions of a young gentleman who had of late become very devoted, and thinking an entire change of scene might drive the foolish fancy from Bessie's head, she [illegible] us to take her for a time.

"Well, she must come, of course," said Roger at last, breaking the silence into which we had fallen after the perusal of the letter.

"[illegible]" I assented, still feeling that I should not have my quiet home broken in upon by a strange lady, who would find fault with our way of living, and [illegible] with [illegible] wants and wishes.

"But after all," Roger went on [illegible] it was always the same, [illegible] matter to which [illegible] was speaking. "I think Harriet must have been in a strait to think of us, for she was always a little [illegible] to hold her head higher than the rest of us. But the girl must come, and we will do our best to make her stay pleasant. [illegible] better answer her letter [illegible], Linda."

[illegible] was written, and the invitation [illegible] as cordial as possible.

In about a week she came, Roger driving over to the station with the cart and horse to meet her and carry her luggage. I stood in the door as they drove up, trying my best to appear delighted and hospitable. But one look into that girlish face drove away all fears I had entertained in regard to airs and graces. The [illegible] hair was pushed back under a hat, the cheeks were flushed with excitement, and the babyish lips looked almost ready to quiver, as a homesick look crept into the brown eyes raised to mine. I took her right into my arms, I could not help it—I have wondered since how I ever came to do it—and the child, for child she was in looks, laid her head on my shoulder and cried a few homesick tears. Then we went into the house, where the tea was waiting, and although she hardly touched a mouthful, still I think before the meal was over we had grown pretty well acquainted, and I at least had determined to do all in my power to bring back the sparkle to those lovely eyes and the bloom of happiness to her cheeks.

She retired early to rest that night. I accompanied her into the great, cool west room, which she was to occupy, and seating herself by the window she told me all about her life that was connected with her coming to us.

"I know very well why I was sent here," she said, "and at first a rebellious feeling took possession of me, but after I saw your dear, motherly face I was glad I came, and I mean to be contented if I cannot be happy."

"We mean that you shall be happy, dear," said I, kissing her tenderly. "You are tired out, and a good night's rest will do wonders for you. Good night, now, and pleasant dreams."

"Good night, auntie, and thank you for your kindness."

Then I closed the door softly and went down to where Roger sat in the deepening twilight.

"Why, Roger, she is nothing more than a child. I don't believe she is hardly a day over sixteen years old."

"Yes she is, Linda; she told me she was nearly nineteen as we came from the station."

"Roger," said I, after a pause.

"Well, dear?"

"I think she looks as our daisy would have looked at her age if she had lived."

"I don't know, Linda, perhaps," said Roger with a deep sigh.

For, old man and woman that we were, the memory of our three-year-old darling, buried so many years ago, was still a tender spot in our hearts; and, strange as it may seem, we rarely spoke of her, for it seemed so hard to part with our only one; and a gloom would settle over us whenever her name was mentioned.

So the days came and went; and the pure mountain air seemed to breathe health and rosiness into Bessie's cheeks and wide-open eyes.

I called her child, for child she seemed to me; and Roger took her at once into his great, loving heart. Ah, there was no one so good and kind as Roger in all the world to me! Although our heads had whitened together, and the storms of life had beaten hard upon us both, still we loved each other with all the fervor of youth, for our hearts could never grow old.

Many were the rambles that Bessie took among the surrounding hillsides; for in that season of the year the hills were crowned with flowers, and all nature seemed at its best. Night after night she would come home, her basket laden with the rare blossoms, or some curious leaves or stones which she had picked up where the railroad had cut its way. One spot in particular was her favorite resort. Just at the left of the house stood a high hill, and the railroad curved directly around the base. Nothing could be seen beyond the curve in either direction. Above the track, on the side of the hill next to our house, was a huge tree that had stood there for years. There Roger had constructed for Bessie a rude seat beneath the spreading branches, where she could take her books and sit for hours at a time, unseen by all, yet having a fair view of everything for miles around.

A brook gurgled below, beneath a bridge over which the line was laid. Although but an insignificant stream, the banks on both sides were high and steep, and a single misstep would lead to destruction.

Bessie sat one day in her favorite retreat under the old tree. I had rung the bell for dinner, for Roger was at work in a distant field. Bessie began collecting her books, preparing to go to the house, when she heard the whistle of the noon express.

She thought "I will wait until the train goes by, just to see the people. Perhaps I shall see some one I know. At any rate, they cannot possibly see me."

So, turning her eyes toward the bridge, she nestled back against the trunk of the old tree, when what was her surprise and horror to see the rails which spanned the bridge entirely gone, and nothing but certain death awaiting the inmates of the coming train.

Roger had spoken that morning of several rough-looking fellows who had been hanging around the station, and who seemed to be inspecting the line in both directions, and undoubtedly to select a place where they might, from motives of revenge, remove a portion of the rails and wreck the train. The last was conjectured by us after all was over, although no particular notice was taken at the time.

To think was to act with Bessie, and she knew if the lives of the people were saved it must be through her instrumentality.

The train was but a little distance off, and what she did must be done quickly.

Hastily untying the broad sash of red ribbon which encircled her waist, she tied it to one end of her parasol, and rushing down the line—right in the teeth of the monster bearing down upon her—she waved frantically the signal of danger.

Flying down the line, calling at the top of her voice for them to stop, although her words were unheard in the roar of the coming train, she reached the curve and rushed wildly on, still holding aloft the streaming red flag.

Oh, if they would but stop before the bend was reached! Was it possible that the mighty wheels slackened in their fearful speed?

Yes, the shriek of the whistle told her that she was seen and understood. Slower and slower went the wheels, until at last, just as the curve was reached, the long train stopped, and the people looked out to ascertain the cause of the delay. But where was the brave girl who had risked her own life to save the lives of strangers? Down on the ground, almost under the very wheels, poor Bessie lay, her courage having suddenly forsaken her when she saw the danger was over.

Many hands were extended to raise her. Consciousness was restored, and the story told from her trembling lips as she pointed in the direction of the curve. Several of the passengers, together with the driver, stoker and guard of the train, returning from an investigation of the disturbed track, soon made plain to those present the nature of the danger from which they had been rescued.

One of the passengers who had gone to view the rails now came up, and turning to the guard, said

"This has been done by human hands."

The speaker was a tall, erect, finely built young man, probably about twenty-five years of age, dark brown hair, a skin darkened by exposure to the sun, and a pair of brave, serious, blue eyes. As he spoke, Bessie raised her eyes from the lap of the lady where she had been lying, and a single word escaped her lips

"Walter!"

Low and tremulous as the word was spoken, the young man turned instantly, and for the first time, noticed Bessie.

"This is the young lady who so bravely —" began the guard, but before he could finish the sentence, Walter had taken one stride to where Bessie lay, and, raising her in his arms, clasped her to his heart.

"Bessie! my darling! Thank heaven, I have found you at last!"

The surprise of the people present may well be imagined.

"How came you here, Bessie, and just at this time?"

"Oh, Walter! how glad I am that I have saved your life, and the lives of all these friends!" said she, looking around upon them, with her eyes full of happy tears. "My uncle lives yonder in that white cottage—ah! there he comes, now."

The stopping of the train had aroused the interest of several neighboring families, and the hospital offers of dinners and conveyances for carrying passengers to the station were liberally poured forth.

"Uncle Roger," said Bessie; as we walked slowly homeward, "this is my best and dearest friend, Walter King. I know you'll honor and respect him for his own sake, as well as mine, when you come to know him."

"I should be willing to trust to your judgment in anything," said Roger, "and any friend of yours shall be mine also, if he will."

"With all my heart, my dear sir," said Walter, in his frank, pleasant way, extending his hand, which was most cordially taken.

"Bessie, said Walter, as they sat alone in the little sitting-room, after dinner, "I was on my way to a distant town, to engage in business in a large machine shop there. I had an excellent offer, and, after you left home, I cared very little where I went; anything was better than staying there, where we had spent so many happy hours together; and I felt that our happiness was over. I tried all manner of means to secure your address, but in vain. I called at your house one day, and your mother literally turned me out of doors. So many people prefer money to industry, and sneer at the brown hands of the workingman!" said he, bitterly.

"But, Walter, so long as I am true to you, what need we mind what any one says or thinks? You know I am ready and willing to go with you anywhere."

"Yes, I do know it, my darling!"

Well, to make a long story short, through the kindness of the rough, though generous hearted farmers, the passengers were all conveyed to the next station that night, where a branch road would carry them to their journey's end. Walter, however, remained with us. Many letters which he showed us proved beyond all doubt that he was a mechanic of the first class; and his clear blue eyes and brown, toil-hardened hands gave proof of an honest soul within, and steady, industrious habits. Indeed, his only crime was that of poverty—and that was a terrible one in the eyes of Harriet Harrington. Wealth and position were her idols, the gods to whom she bowed and she scrupled not to break the heart of one so good and sweet as her own Bessie.

One quiet, dreamy morning, about a month after the events just related, there was a wedding in the pretty church near our cottage among the hills. A little girl with a very resolute face and eyes full of happy, loving light, and a man, thoughtful beyond his years, kind, brave, tender-hearted, were made man and wife.

A letter was despatched the same day, informing Bessie's parents of her marriage.

Walter went directly to the distant town which he had intended to visit, to prepare a home for his bride, leaving her with us, safely sheltered in the embrace of the kindly hills.

Of course, Bessie's mother was terribly angry at first; her father, a weak little man, who was content to walk the path marked out for him by his wife, made no serious objection—in fact, I think he rather liked Walter from the first. But such anger cannot last, and reconciliation soon followed, especially when Walter was found to be a money making man, and sure to make his mark in the world.

Every Summer Bessie and Walter come to us, for no one is quite like "Aunt Linda" and "Uncle Roger" to Bessie, who will always seem to us the brown-eyed child who made our life so bright for a few short months, although her own seemed so dark.

And Roger and I have never regretted our part in the work of making two young hearts happy.

How the Lone Star State is Said to Have Obtained Its Name.—A writer in a Philadelphia paper relates the legend of the origin of the name "Texas," as told to her by Gen Sam Houston, when she was a little girl. Gen Houston had it from an Indian chief, as follows: "A long time ago, when the Spaniards overrun and plundered Mexico, some of the red men left them and came toward the rising sun. They crossed the Rio Grande, and not knowing what lay before them, entered upon the great salt marshes. They traveled many days, and found little sweet water or game. The weather grew hot, and the little streams dried up, and the grass withered, and many old men and women and children died of thirst. One day, after many weeks of weary walking, a party of young braves, who had been sent ahead to reconnoiter, came running back and said 'We have found water; come on!' This good news put new life into their veins, and although nothing could be seen but a dry, flat, bald prairie, the scouts were standing still, calling and beckoning to them and pointing toward something apparently at their feet. At length they reached the spot where the braves were standing. Fifty feet below them the limid waters of the Colorado sang a melody to heaven. Beyond, far as even an Indian vision could reach, stretched a green expanse. The tall mesquite grass, yielding to the breath of the gentle south wind, rolled in vast billows of verdure under the ardent summer sun. Little 'Islands' of mesquite trees dotted this grassy sea, and herds of buffalo and deer grazed in peaceful ignorance of an enemy's approach. Forgetting hunger, fatigue, and even thirst, in this delicious vision the red men fell upon their knees and cried out 'Tehas! Tehas!' 'Tebas' is the nearest approach in English to the correct pronunciation of Texas, and it means—so the narrator explains—paradise."

Drew's Legal Bushel.—About the time that Daniel Drew began his Wall street career, he was up in the country one time to visit some friends, and two farmers called upon him to decide a case. One had sold the other five bushels of wheat, and proposed to measure it in a half bushel, and sweep the top of the measure with a stick. The other objected, and Uncle Daniel was asked to decide.

"Well, legally speaking, a bushel is only a bushel," he answered.

"And can the measure be swept off?"

"I think it can."

"What with?"

"Well, if I were selling wheat I should probably use half the head of a flour barrel."

"Which edge of it?"

"Gentleman, that is a point I cannot now decide," sighed the old man. "If I were selling to a widow or a preacher I am certain that I should sweep the measure with the straight edge, but if I was selling to a man who pastures his cows in the road, and his pigs in his neighbor's corn, I'm afraid I should use the circular side, and scoop a little to boot."

The sun-flower, the emblem of the æsthetes, is worshipped by the Chinese, and deserves their devotion from the fact that it is a very useful vegetable. From its seeds an oil and a soap is obtained. The oil is an excellent lubricant, and the soap is said to be very good for softening the skin. Sun-flower oil is used as an adulterant for salad oil, and it surpasses any other vegetable oil for burning purposes. Sun-flower cake is an excellent food for fattening cattle, better, it is said, than linseed cake. The leaves of the plant are utilized for adulterating tobacco, and the flowers are the best bee food. The stalks gives a fine fiber which is used in Chinese silk, and the flowers produce a fine yellow dye. This is the character given the sun-flower, and several acres on the Thames valley are, we hear, to be laid down with it this year.

An exchange says: "A young lady wants to know the significance of the custom of throwing old shoes after the bride. Why, bless your sweet innocence, sis, it means that now she is married that she'll be lucky if she gets even old shoes to wear.

A graduating class at a young ladies school in Ohio, instead of adopting a class ring, have invented a class kiss. Its secret will be imparted only to their husbands, when they have them.

A GOOD MODEL.

I have lately been visiting a gentleman whom I should like to tell about. He lives on the banks of the Delaware River, not from Trenton, New Jersey.

It is very delightful to talk with this gentleman, and to see how well he is acquainted with the birds and the four-footed animals of his district, all of which are under his jealous protection. He has half a dozen little "tracts" within a mile of his house, each of which is tenanted by a partly different class of plants and animals, so that there is never any lack of variety in his studies. The truth of this will not seem clear to you at first, perhaps, because you are accustomed to think that, in order to find any great diversity in outdoor life, you must search through great spaces of country. But my friend's farm would show you that a great many little differences are ordinarily overlooked, which, when you come to know them, are seen to be real and important. And this can be proven in one place about as well as in another.

For instance, it is easy to divide the estate I am speaking of into four districts, so far as natural history is concerned. First, there are the upland fields and house gardens; second, the steep hillside, grown dense with trees and tangled shrubbery; next, the broad, treeless, lowland meadows; and lastly, the creek, with its still, shaded waters, marshy nooks, and flowery banks.

Now, while there are many trees, bushes, and weeks that are common to all these four districts, it is also true that each of the distiets has a number of plants and animals that are to be found in the others. You would not expect to get water-snakes, muskrats, or any wading birds on the high fields behind the house, nor do the woodchucks, quails, and vesper sparrows of the hill-top go down among the sycamores by the creek. One quickly gets a hint here of the great fact that any species of animal or plant may be spread over a whole State, or half the continent, yet, nevertheless, be found only on that kind of ground which is best suited to it. On of the first things a naturalist has to learn, therefore, in respect to an animal whose habits he wishes to study, is what sort of surroundings it loves, and he will be surprised, particularly in the case of the smaller creatures, to learn how careful animals are in this matter, since upon it, as a rule, depends their food and safety. There are certain snails, for example, which my friends finds in one corner of his farm and never anywhere else. A pair of Bewick's wrens have lived in his wagon house for some years, but they are the only pair in the whole county. It would be no use for him to look anywhere than on his bush-grown hillside for the worm eating warbler, or the chat, though his gardens up above entice many other birds. Similarly, if the bird called the rail decides to make its home on his land, it will not settle along the creek, but in a marshy part of his meadows. I might mention a large number of these examples, but these will suffice.

For more than twenty years my friend has been diligently studying this single square mile around his house. One would think he knew it pretty well by this time, and he does—better, I believe, than any other square mile is known in the United States. He can tell you, and has written down, a hundred things about our common animals which are real news; yet be thinks that he has only begun, and is finding out something more every few days.—*Ernest Ingersoll, in St. Nicholas for June.*

Mrs. Roebling's Skill.—While so much has been written about the Brooklyn bridge and those who have had a share either in planning or building it, there remains one whose services have not been publicly acknowledged. A few days ago the New York papers mentioned that Mrs. Washingtion Roebling, the wife of the great engineer, had driven the first team over the bridge, but they did not state how fitting it was that she should be accorded the honor. "Since her husband's unfortunate illness Mrs. Roebling has filled his position as chief of the engineering staff," says a gentleman of Trenton, N. J., well acquainted with the family. "As soon as Mr. Roebling was stricken with that peculiar fever which has since prostrated him, Mrs. Roebling applied herself to the study of engineering, and she succeeded so well that in a short time she was able to assume the duties of chief engineer. Such an achievement is something remarkable. To illustrate her proficiency in engineering one instance will suffice. When bids for the steel and iron work for the structure were advertised for three or four years ago, it was found that entirely new shapes would be required, such as no mill was then making. This necessitated new patterns, and representatives of the mills desiring to bid went to New York to consult with Mr. Roebling. Their surprise was great when Mrs. Roebling, sat down with them, and by her knowledge of engineering helped them out with their patterns and cleared away difficulties that had for weeks been puzzling their brains." Among those who have had occasion in the course of business at various times to test Mrs. Roebling's engineering skill is Frederick J. Slade, Treasurer of the New Jersey Steel and Iron Company of Trenton.

An English friend of the late George Henry Lewes quotes him as saying in regard to the way in which his wife began to write novels: "We were living at Richmond. I had more than once asked her to try if she could write fiction; but she always said she did not think she had power to do it. One day I went to town early. When I came home in the evening she read to me the beginning of 'Amos Barton'—the tea party. 'Well,' I said 'that is very good, but I always knew you had humor. Do pathos as well, and you will make a fortune.' She said she was afraid pathos was not in her power. I told her it was a pity, because the one gift required the presence of the other. But I believed she had the power. Not long afterwards I had to dine in town. When I was starting she said to me, 'Do not hurry home; I do not want to be disturbed this evening.' When I came home late at night she read to me Milly's death. I was delighted. I said, 'You'll do now.'"

Patti, at $5,000 a night, will get about $5 a breath in "Lucia." She is on the stage, by the watch, sixty-two minutes during the three acts. This gives her $80 and some odd cents for every minute. The average rate of respiration is about eighteen a minute, so that for each breath is paid $4.44. In "Lucia" there are 1,200 words and 2,800 notes, so that Patti is paid $4.16 a word and $1.75 a note.

A SUCCESSFUL SILK CLUB.

"The Boys' Silk Culture Association of America" has a large room over a corner store in Philadelphia. You might suppose it to be a large company. But it has only five members.

When we called at their office, we were fortunate enough to see the President of the Association himself, a bright looking boy of about fourteen years, who explained everything very politely.

The centre of the room was occupied by a large stand of about five tiers of trays, made of light wooden frames, with a network of twine on each.

Here lay sheets of paper covered with the little grayish eggs, not as big as a pin head. On some the eggs had hatched, and the little brown worms were already feeding on the finely chopped leaves.

"This is a very late brood," explained the young silk-culturist. "It is a lot of eggs we sent to Paris for, because we had more orders for eggs than we could fill, and they were delayed."

Then he showed us his jars of cocoons, looking like fresh peanuts, and the twists of reeled silk, softer, finer, and more shining than the most beautiful golden hair, and a piece of satin with the initials "B. S. C. A." embroidered on it in silk of "our own make."

It was interesting to watch the caterpillars feeding. In the last stage they are smooth and whitish, and two or three inches long. We fancied we could actually hear them chewing, they ate so greedily.

"Do they ever sleep?" we asked.

"I never saw them at it. And, by the way the leaves disappear during the night I don't think they take much time for sleep even then."

Here a worm in the centre of the tray stood up on its tail and waved its head from side to side.

"What does that mean?" we asked. Is he tired of eating at last?"

"Yes he is ready to spin now," and the boy carefully dropped the worm into a paper cone, where it at once began to spin its delicate threads and fasten them on the paper. "Some people let them spin on twigs," he added, "but we like the cones better. We made them in the evenings last winter."

At one side of the room stood the reel which the boys had invented and made themselves.

"You won't find a reel like that anywhere else," said the President, with pardonable pride. "When I planned that I had never seen a silk reel."

Then he showed us the very first silk they had reeled, and a specimen of the later reelings, which an expert had pronounced equal to the best.

The boys had also experimented with chemicals, and had dyed some of their silk in bright colors.

In the corner stood what looked like an old spinning wheel.

"That's a twisting machine," he explained. "A gentleman who visited our place gave it to us to twist our silk on."

"Why, really, you do everything here but weave," we could not help remarking.

"Yes," said he, "and we are not going to stop till we learn weaving too."

"How long have you been interested in silk worms?" we next asked.

"About three years," he replied.

"Do you find your interest in your silk worms interferes with your studies?" we asked.

"I never let it," was his reply. "When I'm in school, I attend to my lessons, and when I am here, I attend to my silk worms. I always keep them separate. We give the worms enough leaves in the morning to keep them busy till we get back."

Who could help admiring such a spirit! —*C. M. St. Denis, in the "Work and Play" department of St. Nicholas for June.*

A Petrified Forest.—The Albuquerque, N. M., *Journal* thus describes the appearance of a petrified forest near Corrizo, on the Little Colorado river.

The road at a distance of ten miles from Corrizo enters an immense basin, the slope being nearly a semi-circle, and this enclosed by high banks of shale and white fine clay. Half an hour's good driving from this point takes one to the heart of the forest. The petrified stumps, limbs, and in fact, whole trees lie about on all sides, the action of the waters for hundreds of years has gradually washed away the high hills round about, and the trees that once covered the high table lands now lie in the valley beneath. Immense trunks, some of which measure over five feet in diameter, are broken and scattered over a surface of three hundred acres. Limbs and twigs cover the sand in every direction and the visitor is puzzled as to where he shall begin to gather the beautiful specimens that lie within easy reach. There are numerous blocks or trunks of this petrified wood which have the appearance of having been just cut down by the woodman's axe, and the chips are thrown around on the ground so that one instinctively picks them up as he would in the log camps of Michigan and Pennsylvania. Many of the small particles and even the whole hearts of some trees have now become thoroughly crystallized and the beautiful colored cubes sparkle in the sunshine like so many diamonds. Every color of the rainbow is duplicated in these crystals. The grain of the wood is plainly shown in nearly every specimen.

Prizes for Silk Culture.—The women's Silk Culture Association of the United States, No. 1328 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, announces that, through the liberality of Messrs. Strawbridge & Clothier, the dry goods merchants, it is enabled for the third time to offer to silk culturists the sum of five hundred dollars, to be divided into ten premiums, as follows: First premium, $100; second premium, $75; third premium, $65; fourth premium, $60; fifth premium, $50; sixth premium, $45; seventh premium, $40; eighth premium, $30; ninth premium, $25; tenth premium, $10.

The competition is open to all silk growers residing in the United States. The premiums will be awarded for the best single pounds of cocoons produced during the season of 1883. The lots in competition will be carefully tested by a committee of experts; the silk will be reeled and the quality and quantity produced will be the bases of award. The distribution of premiums will take place early in the new year, and entries must be made not later than December 1, 1883. The specimens will be shown in glass jars, which must be provided by the exhibitors. The cocoons for which premiums are awarded will become the property of the association.

SELECTING WALL PAPER.

The time is at hand to select wall paper for such rooms as are to be improved this spring. The selections should not be left to husbands, who have no taste in such matters, but the wife should take two of her friends and make a tour of the city. There must be nothing rash or hasty about it. The object is to beautify and secure harmony. There should always be at least three ladies in the party who are selecting, and what pleases one should not please another. This will oblige the dealer to display every sample, and make him feel good. Begin with paper at two dollars per roll and run down the scale to paper at seven cents per roll. If you start in the other way the dealer will take you for the wife of a millionaire. The following replies should be used as the respective samples are displayed: 1—"Too dark." 2—"Too light." 3—"No harmony of colors." 4—"Doesn't seem to blend." 5—"Blends too much." 6—"Won't match the carpet." 7—"No sentiment in that." 8—"Too small pattern." Never buy a roll of wall-paper on your first visit to the store. Paper dealers are subject to heart disease, and a sudden shock might prove fatal. After you have examined and criticised and figured and estimated and attempted to beat him down tell him you will call again. Then go to the next and repeat the programme. After he has shown you seventy-five or eighty samples he may begin to flag, but you must insist upon seeing all, and be sure to inquire if he can't reduce the price of fifty cent rolls to fifteen cents and do the hanging for nothing. A lady of experience and persistency can begin selecting wall paper about the 15th of March and keep it up for six or eight weeks before being compelled to acknowledge that she wants only three cheap rolls for a dark bedroom and will try and hang it herself. Paper stores are clean, pleasant places, the clerks civil and patient, and the lady who rashly and hastily falls in love with the 97th pattern shown her will be set down as a person without wealth or taste.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Buttermilk.—For a summer beverage there can be nothing more healthy and strengthening than buttermilk. It is excellent for weak and delicate stomachs, and far better as a dinner drink than coffee, tea or water, and unlike them, does not retard, but rather aids digestion.

A celebrated physician once said that if every one knew the value of buttermilk as a drink, it would be more freely partaken of by persons who drink so excessively of other beverages and further compared its effects upon the system to the cleaning out of a cook stove that had been clogged up with ashes that have sifted through, filling up every crevice and crack, saying that the human system is like a stove, and collects and gathers refuse matter that can in no way be exterminated from the system so effectually as by drinking buttermilk. It is also a specific remedy for indigestion, soothes and quiets the nerves, and is very somnolent to those who are troubled with sleeplessness.

There is something strange in the fact that persons who are fond of buttermilk never tire of singing its praises, while those who are not fond of it never weary of wondering how some people can drink it. So far as possible, people should overcome their aversion to it, and learn to drink it for health's sake. One gentleman of our acquaintance is so exceedingly fond of it that we knew him one time to drink about three glasses and then set his glass down with a thud, exclaiming earnestly, as he smacked his lips, "That's food and raiment both." While another buttermilk enthusiast made the statement once that where the liver has become lifeless from torpidity and inaction, and is too dead to perform its functions, buttermilk will cause a new one to grow in. Whatever exaggerated statements may have been make concerning buttermilk, its medical properties cannot be overrated, and it should be more freely used by all who can get it.

Burdette and the Editor.—One day when Bob Burdette was in New York—Hawkeye Burdette, I mean—he went to the then *Evening Express* office and met the then managing editor, Chamberlain. Concealing his identity, Bob told a touching story of his struggle in a country newspaper office, and his desire to try his hand at the metropolitan grind. Mr. Chamberlain received the modest applicant with great dignity and no encouragement. Finally he asked for samples of the ambitious countryman's efforts. Bob handed for inspection one of his unpublished sketches done in his happiest vein. "A person who writes such stuff as this," calmly and icily explained Mr. Chamberlain, "can never succeed in journalism. He should get a job hoeing corn." The joke did not look half as funny to Mr. Chamberlain as it did to the always genial Bob, after the managing editor discovered who his visitor really was, and the more particularly that at that time *The Express* was copying copiously from Burdette's *Hawkeye* contributions.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

French Views Regarding Protection to Young Laborers.—The practical way in which the French government cares for children that work is worthy of study in other countries. It forbids their employment in factories where the material used evolves much dust—such trades as those of cutting or grinding bone, horn, or mother-of-pearl being specially enjoined. It will not allow slaters to send children on the roofs of houses or elsewhere where there is danger of falling. It enumerates certain chemical works from which children are to be barred, such as those in which celluloid, salicycle acid, and some preparations of sulphur are made. It forbids children under sixteen years of age from being employed in rag shops, except where these are well ventilated; while boys younger than fourteen and girls younger than sixteen are not to be set dragging loads that weigh more than 220 pounds. Specific regulations of this sort must do much toward checking brutality or carelessness on the part of parents and masters.

Thou can'st not see grass grow, how sharp so e'er thou be;
Yet that the grass has grown thou very soon can'st see;
So, though thou can'st not see thy work now prospering—know,
The print of every work, time without fail shall show.
—*Wisdom of the Brahmin.*

Always say a kind word if you can, if only that it may come in, perhaps, with singular opportuneness, entering some mournful man's darkened room like a beautiful fire fly, whose happy convolutions he cannot but watch, forgetting his many troubles.

SUNDAY OBSERVANCE.

The New York *Tribune* has gone into the symposium business, and invited a clerical conference in its columns on "Sunday and its Observances." On Sunday before last, the *Tribune* showed that nearly one-half of the population of New York are not members of any church and do not attend religious services. "The manner in which New Yorkers of all classes spend Sunday was described in detail. On a pleasant day in warm weather, about seventy-five thousand people go out of the city to the various resorts near at hand. Tens of thousands pass the time on and about the Harlem River, and in the big beer gardens which abound in certain parts of the town. Tens of thousands more spend hours in Central Park, and in other parks and squares. The bar-rooms and beer saloons do a flourishing business, though in a less obtrusive way than on the other days. Attempts to enforce the excise law are successful only to a limited extent. In the evening, concerts and other entertainments in theatres and halls draw large audiences. For amusement, for all lighter forms of recreation, and for dissipation of every kind, there is the widest opportunity. For instruction and improvement outside the churches, in the way of reading rooms, free libraries, etc., the provision is extremely meagre." This striking picture suggested the inquiry what the leading clergymen of the city had to say about it. Responses were obtained from Rev. Drs. Henry C. Potter, Howard Crosby, Robert Collyer, William M. Taylor, O. H. Tiffany, William Ormiston, and Thomas Armitage, representing respectively the Episcopal, Presbyterian, Unitarian, Congregational, Methodist, Dutch Reformed, and Baptist churches. Rev. Dr. McGlynn, Roman Catholic, failed to respond. The *Tribune* thus speaks of the character of the responses: "The seven clergymen, whose views are herewith presented, agree substantially that the observance of Sunday cannot be enforced on religious grounds, that its observance as a day of rest is the very foundation of human well being, and that a universal blessing rests in its religious consecration. But they differ widely in their attitude toward the changing spirit of the times."

The clergymen summoned by the New York *Tribune* seem, on the whole, to take a more cheerful and hopeful view of the situation than we might have expected. All of them substantially agree that the workingman must be protected in his right to rest on Sunday. Rev. Dr. Potter (Episcopal) believes that the popular tendency in the matter of Sunday observances is unquestionably toward the secularization of the day, and that this characteristic is likely to become more and more pronounced. The secularization of Sunday, he thinks, tends inevitably to its destruction as a rest-day. In regard to remedies, Dr. Potter thinks "the religious community ought to desire nothing which will not respect the rights and conserve the happiness of their fellow-citizens, whatever their belief or want of belief." Dr. Crosby (Presbyterian) believes that the popular tendency would be altogether to keep the Sunday rest, if it were divorced from the idea of a religious compulsion and that divorce be most thoroughly advocates. "The religious community should no more press a Sunday law as a religious engine than they should press a law for baptism." "Personally," says Dr. Howard Crosby, "I believe in a strict Puritanical Sabbath, and such I observe every week but I have no right to force my belief on others, or make my belief the guide for their conduct. To his own Master, each one stands or falls. I count the Sunday a holy day, others count it a holiday. Let each one be fully persuaded in his own mind." Dr. Robert Collyer (Unitarian) would "stop all work which can be stopped, and let the toilers rest. Open all the fountains of a sweet and wholesome recreation. Make our churches the sweetest and most wholesome, if we can, so that the people will go there as wild pigeons go to a wheat stack. Out-bid, out-general, and out-fight the things we think are hurtful, but beware how we, as churchmen, cry the law on them." Dr. William Taylor (Congregationalist) thinks "it would be unwise, especially considering the mixed character of our population, to base any legislation concerning the Sabbath on the ground of its religious character." Dr. O. H. Tiffany (Methodist) is not filled with any spirit of alarm at the facts presented. On the contrary he finds the following very hopeful signs:—

That (1) more than one-half of the citizens of a metropolis containing the largest foreign population are members of churches or of families under religious influences, and are uninterrupted and protected in religious worship; that (2) the greater proportion of others do not profane the day by excess and riotous ungodliness, but pass it in a decent and well-ordered behavior; that (3) the number of arrests for intoxication and disorderly conduct is less on Sunday than on other days; that (4) it has been found possible in a great measure to close improper places, and protect the unwary from the solicitations and seductions of saloons and dram-shops,—may well cheer the lovers of good order, and influence to a larger zeal and a wiser effort those who believe, as I do, not only in a day of rest, but in a day of religious worship.

Dr. William Ormiston (Dutch Reformed) thinks that "all a wise and judicious legislation ought to do is to secure, as far as practicable, to every citizen the peaceful enjoyment of the day as a day of rest, and to interdict whatever necessarily tends to hinder or annoy any one in the proper exercises of his religious worship." Rev. Dr. Thomas Armitage (Baptist) is confident that "the day has as firm a hold on the stable, native population as ever. Former Puritan strictness is laid aside; but reverence for the day remains much as it has ever been, and is likely to remain." We have seldom seen the Sabbath question discussed with more liberality and intelligence than it is in these articles. The unanimity with which these clergymen agree that the civil law must not be invoked to enforce religious observances is a grateful proof of the firmness with which the fundamental principles of civil liberty have become fixed in the American mind, irrespective of religious and traditional authority.—*Christian Register.*

A French physician now inoculates dogs with hydrophobia poison. They have a light attack—a sort of variophobia—from which they soon recover, and the doctor avers they will never run mad afterward. He claims that all canine pets should be thus treated to insure safety.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Originality is nothing but judicious imitation.—*Voltaire.*

The first and worst of all faults, is to cheat one's self.—*Bailey.*

Excitement over gold discoveries in Lower California is unabated.

The importance of a newspaper depends quite as much upon its blood as its circulation.

Just so long as a woman retains her maiden name, her maiden aim is to change it.

The Indianopolis *Journal* thinks the cyclone is an escaped earthquake laboring under temporary insanity.

A Somerville young man calls his sweetheart "Rare Opportunity," because she is worthy of being embraced.

There is no self-murder so helpless and wicked as that of deliberate sin against ones own body and soul.—*E. P. Roe.*

Scene at children's party "Good-by, Florie, must you go now?" "Yes'm, and mamma told me to say I've had a very nice time."

Nothing makes the world seem so spacious as to have friends at a distance they make the latitudes and longitudes.—*Thoreau.*

The worst thing that can happen to a girl is to have all the curl taken out of the feathers of her new hat the first time she wears it.—*New York Journal.*

Men are so fearful of wounding a woman's vanity that they rarely remember she may by some possibility possess a grain of common sense.—*Miss Braddon*

Stronger than steel
Is the sword of the Spirit,
Swifter than arrows
The light of the truth is
Greater than anger
Is love that subdueth.—*Longfellow*

"Here now," said a mother to her little boy, "take this good medicine. It's as sweet as sugar." "Mamma, I love little brother," the boy replied, "give it to him."

"No, I never could stoop so low as to steal," as the boy remarked when he climbed to the top shelf of the cupboard and filled himself with jam.—*Boston Transcript.*

It is a special trick of low cunning to squeeze out knowledge from a modest man, who is eminent in any science, and then to use it as legally acquired, and pass the source in total silence.—*Walpole.*

The curiosity of a child of five had been aroused by seeing a magnifying glass. "How many times does it magnify?" asked a gentleman, thinking to puzzle him. "As many times as you look through it," was the quick reply.

A Roman correspondent of a London journal says that "Mrs. Astor, the wife of the new American Minister, who is only twenty-three, is so beautiful that when she was presented at court Her Majesty remained speechless with admiration."

A story comes from New England of a mouse which was so charmed by a gentleman's singing that it ran up to his shoulder and sat motionless for a few moments until the singing was finished, then trembled violently, fell to the floor, and died.

According to the United States Commissioner of Education, $61,475,000 has been given by private individuals for educational purposes in this country, within ten years. This does not include the recent gift of Slater and others, amounting to $[illegible].

It avails nothing that the ocean stretches shoreless to the horizon: a jar can only hold a jarful. The receivers capacity determines the amount received, and the receiver's desire determines his capacity. The law has ever been, "According to your faith be it unto you."—*Maclaren.*

It is not the being exempt from faults, as the having overcome them, that is an advantage to us, it being with the follies of the mind as with the weeds of a field, which, if destroyed and consumed upon the place of their birth, enrich and improve it more than if none had ever sprung there.

The census shows that the black race is multiplying more rapidly than the white. In three states in outnumbers the white, and four others nearly equals it. In 1870 there were 4,880,000 negroes in the country; in 1880 there were 6,577,000, an increase of 1,497,000, or 35 per cent.

Persons owning or living next door to people who own cats are earnestly advised to pack the cats in boxes and send them to Winnipeg without delay. The Winnipeggers are clamoring for cats, and at the latest advices were offering a dollar apiece for full grown cats and $10 per dozen for assorted kittens.—*The Sun.*

A western newspaper critic apostrophizes the first appearance of Helen Bancroft thus: "When she first appeared before the public she fainted at the sound of her own voice. It was not fright—it was voluptuousness. The rich tone of that magnificent organ overcame her like a te deum or a hypodermic injection."

A dove came upon the premises of a farmer of Amesbury, Mass., about two years ago and associated itself with the barnyard fowls, assuming their habits, roaming with them through the day and roosting with them at night. When the fowls are confined the dove remains in their enclosure, although it might easily fly away.

A monkey was given a lump of sugar inside of a closed bottle. It worried itself sick trying to get at the sugar. Fits of the most ludicrous melancholy alternated with spasms of delights, as a new idea suggested itself, followed by a fresh series of experiments. Nothing availed until one day a jar of olives fell from the table with a crash. The result was noticed by the monkey, who instantly hurled his bottle to the floor, and was soon in possession of the lump of sugar.

Intentional jokes are never perpetrated by such a grave and solid magazine as the *Popular Science Monthly*. But in the last number F. E. Fernald, in the course of a bright article on "How Much Animals Know, after describing what seemed to have been the holding of a criminal court by a body of crows and the trial and deliberate execution of two of their number by the rest, goes on to say: "No witness of such a scene can fail to be convinced that the accused have had a fair trial and have not been put to death without cause." What a dull ear Mr. Fernald must have.—*Wilmington Every Evening.*

Selfishness and happiness cannot flourish on the same stem. He who cares only for himself never finds what he seeks; he grows narrow, stunted and mean, and becomes at length incapable of any but the meanest enjoyment. It is as if he were surrounded by flowing streams, and, though athirst has not the power to drink of them. It is only the man of generous impulses in the right direction who can know what real happiness is; but to develop these impulses in the right direction and make them truely valuable to man, thoughtful intelligence and wise discretion are indispensable.

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THURSDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 31, 1883

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS

THE GAZETTE will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

THE SANITARY RELATIONS OF DRAINAGE.

There are a few facts which we desire to place in the hands of the people of Bristol. They are well authenticated and can be relied upon. They tell their own story and need no comment. They are obtained from George E. Waring's book on the Sanitary Drainage of Houses and Towns. He is a sanitary engineer of excellent repute, and he has gathered from many sources statistics which fully prove that much of the disease which inflicts humanity can be entirely prevented by the adoption of measures that are simple and of but trifling cost when we take into consideration the value of a single life. Indeed, when life is placed in one end of the balance and riches in the other, there is no comparison to be made. Life is more precious than untold wealth, and health is more to be desired than all other earthly blessings. Any provision therefore, which will preserve health and prolong life should not be a matter of dollars and cents

The relation of proper drainage to diseases of the typhoid type is clearly and unmistakably apparent. The time will come when there will be no excuse for the prevalence of typhoid fever. We believe that before many years any town, borough or city that is inflicted with this disease will be judged to be wilfully culpable in not having taken sufficient sanitary measures to prevent its spread. This is a broad assertion, but the statistics show that diseases of this nature can be eradicated by necessary sanitary regulations. Any municipal corporation that can add to the health and life of its citizens and refuses to expend the requisite means to do so must be regarded in no enviable light.

Now for a few facts and figures:—In twelve small towns in England, mentioned by Mr. Baldwin Lapham, in his work on Sanitary Engineering, the reduction in the average number of deaths by typhoid, taking as a basis the death rate before the constructing of sanitary works, and after they were built, was nearly one-half (43½ per cent.) The case of the Maplewood young ladies' seminary, at Pittsfield, Mass., is frequently quoted as a striking instance of the connection between foul air and typhoid fever. The house was a large wooden structure with a foul barn yard in which swine wallowed near it, the vaults were from 80 to 90 feet from the building, and received the slops from the private closets, the cellar of the building was used for storing vegetables. The odor arising from these causes frequently led to the necessity of closing the windows during the heat of the summer to keep out the stench that offended the nostrils of the inmates. The result of this carelessness in polluting the air, in the light of the investigation which followed, can be readily traced. "Of 74 resident pupils, 66 or nearly 90 per cent. had illness of some sort, and 51, or nearly 69 per cent. had well marked typhoid fever. Of the whole family of 112 persons, 56 had typhoid fever and of these 56, 16 died. These proportions applied to the 8,000 persons living in Pittsfield would have given 4,000 cases of typhoid fever within the space of a few weeks, and of these 1,140 would have died." The causes of the disease were enquired into by the physicians of the place and traced to their proper sources, recommendations were made, which were adopted, and "Maplewood became and is still free from malarial diseases."

Another instance of the propagation of typhoid in a school is given by Mr. Waring in the case of St. Mary's Hall, in our neighboring town of Burlington. About ten years ago a serious outbreak of typhoid took place among the students. Dr. John L. Leconte, in reporting his inspection of the matter, says "that the water supply was taken from two rain water cisterns, in building which, as their bottoms were below the level of the soil water, a hole was left open to relieve the pressure while hardening. These holes were plugged, and the water supply was made to depend entirely upon the river. A year later, the plugs were removed, bringing the cisterns into communication with the soil water. Some time afterwards privy vaults were dug, one of them only ten or twelve feet from the cisterns, and although these were supposed to be tightly made, the soil (after three years) became poisoned with the effluvia and infiltrations, and the water from the cisterns became contaminated. The disuse of these cisterns was advised on the 18th of December, 1874, the water being taken directly from the river. Ten days later, the last case of typhoid fever occurred and the school has since that time been quite free from all similar diseases. Although many of the pupils were attacked, the servants escaped entirely, and it was found they drank no unboiled water, using only tea and coffee. Among the pupils it was found that of seven who drank only water, six had been attacked with typhoid."

These instances are but samples of hundreds which could be given. Typhoid poisoning, it appears to be well settled, depends upon either foul air or foul water. If this is so, there is no excuse for a single death from this disease when the impurities of air and water can be removed.

The prevalent diseases in our borough are of the malarious type. Typhoid and intermitting fevers are frequently met with. Diphtheria is not uncommon. They are where impure or stagnant water or foul air is found. The remedy to be applied is evident. The cause must be removed, as far as possible, and as soon as possible. An outlet must be provided for the product of the sinks and water closets. Compared with others Bristol is said to be a healthy town by the physicians here. But this should not satisfy us. Bristol should be made the model town for health in the whole Commonwealth. When any cause for disease exists, it should be the pride, as it is the duty, of the corporation of the borough to see that it is removed.

The necessity for a complete system of sewerage is acknowledged by all, but there are a number who want to wait. The reasons they give for waiting until a more convenient season resolve themselves into one, that one is, the borough cannot afford it. It has been shown, heretofore, that we can afford it. A tax rate of $1.00 on the $100,—which has in former years been levied by Council for purposes not half so necessary as for providing a system of sewers, will gradually place a net work of sewers under Bristol that will accomplish all that is desired. If we want to pay as we go that is the way to do it. If we want to finish the work as rapidly as possible, the plan would be to issue bonds for the necessary sum, and reduce each year a portion of the indebtedness by the same amount of tax. We do not need to wait and inhale poisonous vapors with every breath and swallow liquid impurity with every mouthful of water. When a case of smallpox is brought to the attention of the borough authorities, everything possible is done to prevent its spread. So it should be with malarious diseases. There should be no waiting. Procrastination will not lessen the cost of construction, and further delay only adds to the list of victims of a narrow and short-sighted policy. The health of the citizens of Bristol, and the material prosperity of the town, alike demand that this good work be begun at an early day.

DUBLIN, May 28.—Michael Fagan, who was convicted of the murder of Mr. Burke in Phœnix Park, on the 6th of last May, was hanged in Kilmainham jail this morning. The weather was overcast. Since he received his sentence, Fagan has been very attentive to the instructions of the priests who have visited him. In an interview recently with his relatives he declared that he had not hurt a hair of Mr. Burke's head. His mother, who was confident of the innocence of her son, wrote to the Queen repeating this declaration, but her letter was not answered. Canon Kennedy attended the condemned man this morning. The black flag announcing that the execution had taken place was hoisted over the jail at 8 o'clock. A strong force of police and military was present. Everything went off quietly. A small crowd of persons collected outside the prison, a few of whom knelt in prayer for the repose of the soul of Fagan. The condemned man was pale, but appeared to be resigned to his fate. Death was instantaneous. Before mounting the scaffold Fagan told the priest who attended him that he hoped Irishmen would avoid secret societies.

—A terrible disaster occurred yesterday afternoon on the Brooklyn Bridge, by which twelve persons lost their lives and a great many others were injured more or less seriously. While there were no less than 15,000 persons on the bridge, a blockade was formed on the footpath at the head of a flight of steps nine feet high extending from the masonry above the anchorage to the first iron truss, the same place at which blockades of people have occurred heretofore. A panic followed the pushing and struggling by which men and women tried to free themselves from the crowd. In the midst of this rush, started, it is thought by a gang of roughs, either thoughtlessly or with mischievous intent, several persons were carried over the edge of the steps. They fell on the landing and at the foot of the stairs, others stumbled on them, and more than forty persons were trampled under foot by the panic-stricken multitude. It was a long time before they could be extricated.

—Cardinal McClosky is described by a correspondent of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, who saw him in the street, as a spare, erect man, of medium height, with a singularly benign face, close shaven, and a quiet gravity of demeanor which, rather than any weight of port, imparted dignity. One instinctively, and without exactly knowing why, accorded him the distinction of being a personage—that is, something more than a mere person. The mould of his features was Irish. His eyes were blue and piercing. His grayish brown hair was smooth until it glistened. His hands were small and almost womanish in their whiteness and softness. On the signet finger of the left hand he wore an Oriental sapphire intaglio, set with blazing diamonds. His suit was black, and his high shirt collar was bent over a stock of purple silk. His hat, like his garb, was a clerical looking black silk.

—The Legislature of Illinois has passed a resolution submitting to the people a constitutional amendment giving the Governor power to veto items in the general appropriation bill without invalidating the entire bill. There is little question that it will be adopted as the sentiment of the people approves of the measure. That state has shown itself ready to adopt advanced ideas in civil government. It already has cumulative voting and biennial sessions of the Legislature. This new measure is another proof of the progressive character of the population of the State.

—Ex-Judge Sharswood of the State Supreme bench died on Monday morning. He had been very ill for several weeks and his decease was anticipated. His career at the bar and on the bench has been very distinguished, and he ranked as one of our ablest jurists.

—With a bonded debt of over $8,000,000, Louisville has voted to expend $1,500,000 on its streets.

—Rev. H. M. Kieffer has commenced a new series of "Drummer Boy" sketches in *St. Nicholas*, which will be added to the chapters published last year, and brought out in book from next fall. These "Recollections" have been very popular, and are resumed at the urgent request of the editors and appreciative readers of *St. Nicholas*.

—A reporter of the New York *Journal* asked a fashionable dressmaker how many dresses a young lady needed for Summer wear. "Oh," said Mme. D——, "about twenty at the least, if she is going out at all. She must have six white dresses, a pale pink mull of satin, a pale blue and sea green, an amber, a black Spanish lace dress, a white lace dress, two or three dark silks, besides a yachting dress, a tennis costume, a rowing dress, a tea gown, two or three riding habits and a special hat to go with each toilet, as well as slippers or shoes, a parasol and gloves."

—Mme. Jenny Lind Goldschmidt does not seem to be growing old gracefully. Now at the age of sixty-three, she is described as possessing, from the crown of her bewigged head to the sole of her No. 5 shoe, not one line of grace or beauty. Her form is angular, her face hard, her eyes are dull and passionless, her features irregular and inharmonious. But when she speaks, the plainness of her face and form is forgotten, for her tones are still those of the "Swedish Nightingale," and her features light up in sympathy with the music of her voice. She lives in a big house in South Kensington, surrounded by spacious and well-shaded lawns. She seldom sings now—only occasionally at Royal request, or for the Bach choir, of which her husband was the founder.

—Columbia college, though declining to admit women to its regular classes on the plea of insufficient accommodation, proposes through a committee of its trustees a course of study for women students, to be independently pursued, with examinations from time to time by the college professors, and a certificate of proficiency at its close. The *Examiner*, however, very properly asks: "Why should a mere 'certificate' be given to the young woman who successfully pursues the course of studies prescribed? Her brother, who studies no harder and shows no greater proficiency, has a regular diploma given him on passing his final examination. By giving her a mere 'certificate,' an air of sham is thrown over the whole affair. Let the young men and the young women be placed on an equal footing intellectually, let an equal measure of industry and proficiency be required of both, and then let there be no inequality in the rewards given them. People's sense of justice and love of fair play will be satisfied with nothing less than this."

—The *Art Amateur* for June contains the usual profusion of charming designs for china painting, including pansies for a plaque, cherry blossoms for a panel, honeysuckle for a vase and columbine for a dessert plate. Some South Kensington borders and a quaint chasuble ornament are provided for needleworkers, there are over twenty monograms, about forty designs for jewellers' use, and a page of capital borders from the Cincinnati school of design to accompany the second of the lessons in "Wood Carving for Amateurs." Specially attractive articles are those on "Entreat," with eight pleasing illustrations by Henry Bacon, and on "John La Farge, Artist and Decorator," with illustrations of his work in mural painting and stained glass, the latter from the Vanderbilt houses. Other important topics, interestingly treated, are the Paris Salon, recent London exhibitions, modern pottery at Bethnal Green, sketching from nature in oil, flower painting, and chalk and crayon drawing with striking illustrations by Millet and others. J. C. Beckwith has a clever charcoal sketch of a pretty and piquant damsel, and there are some pleasing designs of cupids and children, and eight interesting examples of last century miniatures by Cosway and others. The correspondence columns and "My Note Book," are specially full and valuable, and the number in general is a worthy beginning of the *Art Amateur's* fifth year. Price 35 cents; per annum, $4. Montague Marks, publisher, 23 Union Square, New York.

ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.—With the June number, just issued, the *Eclectic* completes another volume, and is provided with an index which shows more convincingly than the table of contents of a single number can do the rich variety of good things which this sterling and standard old magazine provides for its readers.

The June number is itself an excellent one, containing eighteen articles upon almost as many different topics. The list is as follows: "An Unsolved Historical Riddle," by James Anthony Froude; "Early Spring in California;" "Shakespeare and George Eliot." "Robert Schumann;" "Masks and Faces," by F. E. Weatherly;" "Animal Mythology; or, Stories of Birds and Beasts," by J. A. Farrer;" "Fleurette," a story; "The European Terror," by Emilie de Lavalaye; "Phantasms of the Living," by Edmund Gurney and F. W. H. Myers; "Bits of Oak Bark," by Richard Jefferis; "Azenor," by Lewis Morris; "Japanese Art," by Rev. Sir Geo. W. Cox; "The Last Days of a Dynasty;" "A Red Indian Revenge Raid," by A. H. Paterson; "The French Army," by H. Barthelemy; "Four Japanese Folk-Tales;" "With the Salvation Army," by Mrs. Charles Garnett; "A Wintry Sonnet," by Christina G. Rossetti; Literary Notices; Foreign Literary Notes; Science and Art; and Miscellany.

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—The man who won't advertise because so many others in the same business do finds out too late that there is more than one way to cut his own throat.—*New York Commercial.*

NEWS ITEMS.

—There were 2,000 bicycles in line on Monday, in New York. 238 represented Pennsylvania. Bristol did not send a delegate.

—Ex-Cadet Whittaker's father, James Whittaker, died in Kershaw county, S. C. the other day, leaving about $3,000 in money and an improved farm. He was once a slave.

—Nebraska claims the largest apple ever grown in America. It weighed twenty-nine and a half ounces. A model of this production is at present in the Smithsonian Institute at Washington.

—Postmaster Hackman, of Pipersville, plead guilty to the charge of using cancelled stamps, in the United States District Court on Tuesday, and was sentenced to sixteen months in the penitentiary.

—A nude body of a young woman, with her throat cut, floated on the beach at Point Breeze, Coney Island, on Saturday. It is supposed she was murdered and her clothing removed to prevent identification.

—Andrew Driver, of Johnstown, an amateur sword swallower, on Saturday, while trying to perform before some ladies in an ice cream saloon, with a spoon, actually swallowed the spoon. He may die, but the result is still in doubt.

—Miss Mary Kelley, employed in the millinery department of a dry goods store in Chicago, died a few days ago, after three weeks' sickness, and her physicians say she was poisoned by inhaling arseniuerated hydrogen from green velvets which she handled.

—Eleven houses in Poughkeepsie, New York, were raided by burglars on Friday night, and the burglars secured much booty in the way of silverware. In one of the houses nothing was disturbed, and it is believed the burglars were frightened off by a loquacious parrot.

—Before cutting a man's head off in China the authorities considerately make him drunk; and occasionally a rich convict who has been sentenced to death will hire, or rather buy, a coolie in take his place. The coolie leads a riotous life for some little time beforehand, and at last, in a state of besotted helplessness, meets death without apparent suffering.

—The members of the Women's Christian Temperance Union of Cayahoga county, O., have resolved to do away with the use of gloves until a prohibition amendment shall have been adopted, and to devote the money that would be used to the furtherance of the cause.

—The experiment of propelling a street car by compressed air has been recently tried with entire success in the suburbs of London. Several steep grades are surmounted easily and smoothly and the car is under perfect control. The company expects to abandon the use of horses entirely as soon as enough cars have been built to perform the service.

—The reservoir water at Trenton, N. J., is reported to be "so badly polluted with dead shad and shad spawn that it can scarcely be swallowed." The Secretary of the Water Commission said that "it was almost impossible to rectify the trouble, and that the water would probably continue bad for several weeks." The doctors, it is asserted, "do not think the water positively unhealthy."

—The largest consignment of opium ever brought to San Francisco reached that port on the 19th inst. by the City of Tokio. It amounted to 20,500 pounds and the duty on it was $123,000. The same steamer brought another consignment of 3,229 pounds, and 5,000 pounds had arrived two days before on the City of New York. This extraordinary importation is due to the fact that after July 1 the duty will be $10 a pound instead of $6.

—The news of peace between Chili and Peru have been officially confirmed, the terms being about as originally indicated. General Iglesias is stated to represent northern and central Peru, and the treaty he makes cedes Tarapaca and Arica-Taona for ten years, when the people of the provinces shall determine to whom the territory shall belong, the party receiving it to pay the other ten million dollars. Such appears to be the terms, as they are as liberal as Peru could expect.

—A carpet which was blown from the house occupied by Mr. Allen, who was killed by the recent cyclone at Sun City, Iowa, was found a day or two since in the sand hills, fifteen miles north of the place from which it started, and, strange to say, but little injured by its long journey through the air.—*Chicago Times.*

—There are in Ireland about 93,000 houses with only one room in each, and that of the rudest and poorest kind. Of these 93,000 one-roomed huts, most have floors of rough, damp earth and roofs of rotten thatch. Their walls are without plaster, and a hole in the gable serves them for a chimney. Into some of these cabins will be crowded a goat, a donkey, a pig, and several fowls, along with the occupant and his family.—*Justice McCarthy, in Longman's Magazine.*

—The Philadelphia authorities have been discussing the question of founding a training school for nurses at the Blockley hospital in that city, and the excellences of the system in use at Charity hospital, Blackwell's Island, have been recounted by competent men who have carefully examined the workings of the school. It is not easy to exaggerate the benefits which result from the intelligent administration of such a system in our large public hospitals. The mortality is greatly decreased, the comfort of the patients is much enhanced, the whole appearance and atmosphere of the place are bettered, and the entire machinery moves with more smoothness, efficiency and economy. Nor are the advantages confined to the hospitals themselves. The women who are there trained under the best instructors go out into the world when they receive their diplomas and become invaluable aids in the relief of sickness and suffering. The recent visit of Philadelphia officials to Charity hospital has been followed by a call to Dr. Seaman, chief of staff at that institution, to take up a similar work in Philadelphia. New Yorkers who are familiar with the administration of charity will hope that Dr. Seaman's services may be retained where they have already proved so valuable.—*Tribune.*

COLLEGE DEGREES.

The Corporation of Harvard University will meet again to-day to decide the momentous question of conferring a degree of LL. D. upon Governor Butler. Their perturbation must afford him unbounded delight, but it can scarcely be called edifying to the rest of the public. Nor is there any apparent cause for it. Only two courses are open to them, and whichever one they choose ought to lead to an easy and prompt decision. The degree either means something or it means nothing.

If the Corporation take the ground that it means nothing, they can find plenty of reasons and numerous precedents in favor of conferring it. Governor Butler is not profoundly versed in law of any kind, being merely a rather shrewd criminal lawyer, but he knows as much law as some of his predecessors who have received the degree. It may be given to him also, not on the ground of his own merit at all, but because a majority of the people of Massachusetts have decided him to be sufficiently versed in the laws of government to be made the chief executive officer of the State. The degree has been given in this way before, and it would mean as much now as it did then—and that is nothing at all. There should be no childish talk about giving the degree to the office rather than to the man.

But if the Corporation will take the other ground—that the degree means something—a great opportunity is before them. The trouble they are in now is the natural outcome of the course pursued, not only by Harvard but by other American colleges, of scattering degrees right and left without regard to the merits of the recipients. All the colleges have combined so to cheapen and degrade their own degrees that they no longer mean anything to anybody. This very degree of LL. D. has been thrown about so promiscuously that its most deserving possessors invariably shrink from using it. Originally it was given only to teachers of civil and canon law. Subsequently it was conferred both here and in England as an honorary degree upon persons who had acquired distinction in learning or public affairs. From this later use it has been degraded into an empty compliment for anybody whom a college wished to flatter. If Harvard will improve its present opportunity and declare that henceforth it will give no degrees except for merit, either to Governors or anybody else, that beginning with Butler it will follow a new policy in future, it will take the first step in breaking up one of the most inexcusable abuses in our college system.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—The statistics of Paris just published establish the claim of the city to be the most cosmopolitan in Europe. Whether it be a thing to be proud of or not, Paris is chiefly inhabited by a population who are not Parisians. Out of 100 residents only 30 are born within the limits of the town, the remaining 70 are provincials and foreigners.

"Rough on Rats."

Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bedbugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Druggists.

—A sufferer from malaria at Lewisburg committed suicide on Monday.

☞The first real skin cure ever discovered was Dr. Benson's Skin Cure. It cures all rough and scaly skin diseases and makes the skin smooth and healthy. It is an ornament to any lady's toilet.

—It is announced that Mr. Gowen intends to resign the Presidency of the Reading Railroad.

ON THIRTY DAYS TRIAL.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above.—N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

St. Jacobs Oil

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY

FOR PAIN.

Relieves and cures

RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, BACKACHE, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, SWELLINGS, SPRAINS, Soreness, Cuts, Bruises, FROSTBITES, BURNS, SCALDS, And all other bodily aches and pains.

FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directions in 11 languages

The Charles A. Vogeler Co. (Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.)

Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

Samuel H. French & Co.,

PAINT MANUFACTURERS.

Farmers' Depot.

FRENCH'S SELECTED

LAND PLASTER!

Ground from the Purest Gypsum,

And prepared specially for farmer's use for mixing with *Paris Green.*

In purchasing, ask for

FRENCH'S SELECTED.

And take take no other.

It is the Purest, Cheapest and Best.

FOR SALE BY STOREKEEPERS GENERALLY.

PAINTS, PLASTER, CEMENTS, AND Building Material.

SAMUEL H. FRENCH & CO.,

PAINT AND PLASTER MILLS,

York Avenue and Callowhill St.,

PHILADELPHIA.

MISCELLANEOUS

REMOVAL.

THE BRISTOL STOVE HOUSE

HAS REMOVED

TO ITS NEW QUARTERS

ON MILL STREET,

OPPOSITE RADCLIFFE,

Formerly occupied by A. L. Packer as a flour and feed store and coal yard, where we will be happy to see all our former customers, and as many new ones as will favor us with their patronage.

We have constantly in stock and for sale a large and well-selected assortment of

COOKING STOVES,

RANGES,

Parlor, Hall and Office Stoves,

DOUBLE HEATERS,

FOR HEATING TWO OR MORE ROOMS.

FURNACES,

Either portable or set in brick

STOVE HOLLOW WARE,

Custom-Made Tinware,

MILK CANS,

And in fact everything usually kept in a first class house-furnishing store.

Tin Roofing

Done at the lowest possible price for cash. Old Roofs repaired and painted. Jobbing in all its branches promptly attended to

Coal! Coal.

After this date we shall be prepared to furnish and deliver the

Best Quality of Coal,

Well screened and free from slate. All we ask is a fair trial, and if your orders are filled satisfactorily, we hope they will be repeated.

Thankful for past favors we hope for a continuance of the same

THOMAS BARNARD,

Mill Street, opposite Radcliffe,

Near Steamboat Landing

Formerly occupied by A. L. Packer

$300,000 TO BE GIVEN AWAY FREE!

WITH SIX PER CENT INTEREST IN CASH from time of presentation. SECURED and GUARANTEED. Certificates entitling the holder to full participation in all the profits of the entire business of GOULD & CO., and part ownership of their valuable properties, Four Stores and Manufactory.

In forming a mutually advantageous Joint Stock Organization, entitled "Goulds Union Furniture Manufacturing and House Furnishing Company" at Philadelphia, to be chartered by the State of Pennsylvania, as proposed from THIS DATE TO MAKE EACH and EVERY PURCHASER and CUSTOMER at either of Gould and Co's Stores, part OWNERS of the ENTIRE PROPERTIES, and FULL PARTICIPATORS IN ALL THE PROFITS FREE OF ANY COST, by PRESENTING or giving from One to One Thousand Shares of Capital Stock of said Company to every cash customer, at the time of their purchasing Furniture or other Goods (the amount of Ten Dollars, or more of Gould & Co.

300,000 SHARES are to BE GIVEN AWAY FREE OF COST!

Each certificate bearing interest of SIX PER CENT. IN CASH AT ONCE with full participation in all THE PROFITS as soon as organized and the officers elected, when John H. Gould, present proprietor and owner will TRANSFER to the COMPANY all the REAL ESTATE represented in entire

THREE LARGE AND VERY VALUABLE BLOCKS OF PROPERTY,

Namely, Store Property, N E Corner Ninth and Market Streets, Stores 47 and 49 N. Second Street; Stores and Manufactory 305, 3 7 309, 311 S. Second Street. Some of the most valuable property in Philadelphia.

To be Clear of all Indebtedness Whatever,

Together with all the stock of Merchandise on hand, Furniture, Carpets, Bedding, House Furnishing Goods of all kinds, Patterns, Materials of every description, Machinery, Good-Will (established thirty years), very valuable Patents, Horses, Wagons, and everything appertaining or belonging to said business as carried on now and for the last thirty years by Gould & Co. The whole to be CLEAR OF ALL DEBTS OR LIABILITIES of any kind so that each share holder will be part owner of all the Real Estate, Merchandise, and Personal Property, of all sorts, below mentioned, and participating in all the PROFITS AND GAINS of the estate and business as valued at $900,500, see schedule. Thus, holders of shares will have everything to gain, but cannot possibly lose, the shares being given or procured FREE, to Gould & Co.'s customers and patrons. The Company selling their merchandise only for cash, and will NOT HAVE ONE DOLLAR OF INDEBTEDNESS unsatisfied. IT IS DESIRABLE TO MAKE EVERYONE A SHAREHOLDER, AND SO DO AWAY WITH MONOPOLY. Only patrons and customers can have shares of STOCK PRESENTED FREE, and they may also purchase a limited number of the shares at One Dollar per share, besides those that are given. This price only holds good for a short time, as it is expected the shares will be worth from $5 to $20 before long. Only a limited sum or will be sold for One Dollar per share. John H Gould, present owner and proprietor, will take payment for this entire Property, Real Estate and Personal Property, everything belonging to said business, in the stock of the company. Thus you have the largest cheapest and best stock of Furniture in the world to select from. Newest, most fashionable, best makes, and from ONE TO ONE THOUSAND SHARES OF FULL-PAID, NON-ASSESSABLE STOCK PRESENTED to every purchaser of Furniture, Carpets, or other goods. The CERTIFICATES for stock bearing interest of SIX PER CENT from time issued. It is estimated that the PROFITS OR DIVIDENDS (calculating from past business) will be from Ten to Fifty Per Cent., perhaps more.

JOHN H. GOULD ALSO PRESENTS TO THE COMPANY 100,000 SHARES OF THE STOCK as an additional working capital and will pay SIX PER CENT. per annum on all the Share Certificates issued up to time of organization, from then full participation in all profits. All secured on the Real Estate and Personal Property. There can be no better or safer investment.

FROM ONE TO ONE THOUSAND SHARES GIVEN FREE

to every purchaser of Furniture to the amount of Ten Dollars, pro rata.

THIS LIBERAL ARRANGEMENT IS INTENDED TO DO AWAY WITH ALL MONOPOLY BY CO-OPERATION.

A limited number of the shares will also be sold for cash ONE DOLLAR PER SHARE, drawing six Per Cent. interest from date of purchase.

MAKE PROFITS FOR YOURSELVES by purchasing Furniture, Carpets, Bedding, etc., at GOULD & CO. Largest, Cheapest and Best Stock in the World. GET VALUABLE SHARES IN THE COMPANY FOR NOTHING. That will PAY YOU BACK MORE IN INTEREST THAN YOU EXPEND OR CAN GET BY ANY OTHER INVESTMENT.

Commencing on and after Monday, April 9, 1883

JOHN H. GOULD,

President Pro Tem

Bristol Cemetery.

THE managers of this Cemetery have

LAID OUT AND IMPROVED

About Seventeen Acres of Ground

FOR BURIAL PURPOSES,

in a location that is believed to be the best that could be secured, as it is convenient, well drained, secure from encroachment, and the sub-soil a dry sand and gravel. A considerable number of lots have already been sold and interments have commenced. The prices have been fixed much lower than other places of interment in this vicinity and range from 20 cents a square foot for lots not situated directly on the avenues or other prominent parts, to 35 cents a square foot for the choicest lots in Section C—making the price for a lot 9 by 15 feet, $27 and $47.25, respectively. Lots may be obtained larger or smaller, various sizes being on the plan which will be furnished to those intending to purchase.

A commodious and secure Receiving Vault has been constructed for the use of lot owners.

A suitable place has been reserved for single interments.

Further information may be obtained of

H. PURSELL, Secretary.

TRENTON ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE HATTER 15 E. STATE ST. DOBBINS AND FURRIER TRENTON, N. J.

Notwithstanding the bold assertions of certain clothiers, concerning their goods and prices, the undisputable fact remains, that

BARWIS,

The "Nobby" Tailor,

Stands pre-eminently ahead of them all in prices, and accuracy of fit.

129 N. GREENE STREET,

TRENTON, N. J.

UNDERWEAR.

Men's in all grades, from 35c. to $4.50 a piece. Ladies', white and red from 35c. to $2.50. Children's, white, red and grey, 15c. to $1.50

GENTS' FINE NECK WEAR!

The Latest Styles in all the New Shades, Wide Stripes, Large Dots and Party Shades.

KNIT JACKETS!

Men's, Ladies' and Boys', in the following Shades Black, Brown, Blue, Garnet, Green, Gray, Drab and Scarlet, from 75c. to $5.00.

FINE DRESS SHIRTS!

Men's and Boy's, Laundried and Unlaundried, in white and colored.

GLOVES! GLOVES!

Fur, Kid, Castor Cloth, Wool, Buck, Sheep and Dog Skin, Lined and Unlined

Rubber Coats from $2.00 to $6.00. Umbrellas from 50c. to $8.00.

A. W. LEE,

THE GENTS' FURNISHER,

14 N. Greene Street, Trenton, N. J.

HORSES AND MULES

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.

AT MY STABLES,

116 Brunswick Avenue.

25 HEAD OF

Good Young Horses.

Also, a lot of

FINE BROKE YOUNG MULES.

Call and see me. Have plenty of Good Stock at all times

A Large Stock of Carriages and Harness always on hand.

J. L. WEBER,

116 Brunswick Avenue, Trenton, N. J.

MATHIAS MILLER. JOHN HARTMAN.

MILLER & HARTMAN,

FURNITURE DEALERS

AND

UPHOLSTERERS,

NO. 12 SOUTH WARREN STREET,

TRENTON, N. J.

ALL FURNITURE MADE TO ORDER AND REPAIRED.

All orders promptly attended to.

THE HOLIDAYS

AT LANING'S

NEW

Boot and Shoe Store,

CORNER WARREN AND PERRY ST.,

OPPOSITE ST. MARY'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL,

TRENTON, N. J.

A BEAUTIFUL DOLL GIVEN WITH EVERY PAIR OF SHOES.

"Quick Sales and Small Profits," our motto.

Call and examine for yourself.

LANING'S,

Corner Warren and Perry Streets, Trenton, N. J.

EYE GLASSES

AND

SPECTACLES

OF THE

FINEST QUALITY.

A FIRST-CLASS ARTICLE AT A REASONABLE PRICE.

GEORGE F. APPLEGATE,

WATCHMAKER.

Broad St., opposite Court House, Trenton, N. J.

CHEAPEST AND BEST

Pianos and Organs

At Winkler's Piano Manufactory,

141 N. WARREN STREET, TRENTON, N. J.

Pianos and Organs $30 and upwards.

THE PLACE TO BUY

DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

And all the Popular Patent Medicines, is at

YOUNG'S DRUG STORE,

35 BATH STREET.

Our Motto—Purity and Accuracy.

A full line of Chipman and Nice's Mixed Paints and Colors. Guaranteed pure.

REMOVAL.

THE SUBSCRIBER HAS REMOVED TO THE CORNER OF RADCLIFFE and MULBERRY STREETS, where he will be happy to see his old patrons and as many new ones as choose to favor him with a call. All Dental work promptly attended to in the most skillful manner, at reasonable rates.

Thanks for past favors.

G. W. ADAMS, D. D. S.,

Bristol, Pa.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

The Bucks County Gazette.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 31, 1883.

Entered at the Bristol Post Office as second class matter

PUBLISHERS BULLETIN

Single copies of the GAZETTE in wrappers for mailing, at this office Price, three cents.

The GAZETTE can be had at Chambers' News Agency, Mill street.

If you like this paper send it to some friend, who may be induced to subscribe You thus do your friend a favor and oblige us.

MEMORIAL DAY.

The members of Post 73, G. A. R., were kept busy yesterday in the observance of Decoration Day, they looking after and caring for the graves of about two hundred and twenty-five of their fallen comrades that lie buried in the four burial grounds of Bristol, the National Cemetery at China Hall, and the burial grounds at Tullytown and Morrisville. About twenty-five of their number assembled at their hall at 8 30 A. M., yesterday, and proceeded to the National Cemetery at White Hall. Upon arriving at tha cemetery they found quite a number of the persons residing in that vicinity had assembeld bringing with them abundance of flowers for decorating the graves of the soldiers there. After the usual memorial service had been read and the graves strewn with flowers, Dr. Mintzer, U. S. Surgeon and resident of China Hall, invited the Post to his residence where with an address of welcome he invited them to partake of a bountiful repast which he had spread before them, and with which the members of the post were much surprised, but none the less delighted, and to which they did not need a second invitation to partake of heartily. After they had well satisfied the inner man they were called into line by Commander Farrell, and comrade J. Wesley Wright, in a short address in behalf of the Post, extended to the Doctor and his family their sincere thanks for the splendid reception he had given them. A vote of thanks was also given to Mrs. Sherwood for the handsome donation of flowers sent by her, and to all others who had manifested their interest in the observance of the day, and then with three rousing cheers for the Doctor the Post returned to Bristol.

In Bristol the Day was generally observed. In the afternoon the mills shut down, many of the business places were closed, as were also the Postoffice and the bank At two o'clock the Post of the Grand Army marched from their hall on Otter street to the Methodist burying ground, preceded by the Washing Cornet band, the graves of their fallen comrades, which had previously been designated by small flag over each, were strewn with flowers. The Episcopal burying ground was next visited by the Post, and a delegation was sent to the Friend's burying ground which performed the same duty over the heroes whose dust reposed there. From the Episcopal grounds the line of march was taken to the Catholic grounds where similar services were held. The ceremonies were conducted by John B. Farrell, Commander of the Post, A. L. Garwood, J. Wesley Wright, Harry Snyder and Thomas B. Harkins. A large number of people were present at each of the places of interest. At the conclusion of the ceremonies the Post marched down Radcliffe street up Mill to Otter and from there to the Hall. The day was pleasant, being cool enough to render the marching not unpleasant.

—Shad and strawberries are the luxuries of the hour.

—Bristol is not up to her record. There are only three prisoners in the county jail.

—Congressman I. N. Evans was one of the invited guests at the opening of the Brooklyn bridge.

—Benjamin Louderbough had a stroke of paralysis last Tuesday morning, and is still in a very critical condition.

—The Methodist strawberry festival was well patronized last night. It will be held this and to-morrow evenings.

—As some one says, the most delicate, the most sensible of all pleasures consists in promoting the pleasure of others.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Sisom, the mother of Mrs. Charles H. Fenton, died last Thursday in the 85th year of her age.

—Fifteen bicyclists, from Philadelphia, rolled through Bristol on Saturday on their way to join the meet at New York

—The Delaware River Steamboat Company have purchased grounds at Beverly to be used for Sunday school picnics.

—Martha Swain, sister of Anthony and Samuel Swain, died last Saturday at the residence of her sister Mrs. Fanny Laing. She was nearly 70 years of age.

—The Bristol Cricket Club on last Saturday played a game with the Tacony Club and came out first best. They have been victorious every time this season.

—Mrs. Caroline Baker, wife of Edward Baker, Esq., died on Wednesday of last week of paralysis of the brain. Her illness was only of thirty-six hours duration.

—The weekly meeting of the Street Committee last Tuesday afternoon, was entirely harmonious. Action on several prominent matters was postponed until council defines definitely the extent of their powers.

—The card of J. S. Cook speaks stronger than any argument can for the necessity of adopting sanitary measures for Bristol. The health and lives of the community are constantly in jeopardy and still people can be found who say we cannot afford to do any sanitary work this year. Prompt action is demanded.

—The Chapel Choir belonging to St. James Episcopal church, of this borough, visited [illegible]ddington on Sunday evening last and sang the service at the church of the Rev. E. J. Humes. This choir numbers 8 young women and 8 little boys. They are well trained in Gregorian singing, and a large congregation assembled to hear them on Sunday last.

Railroad Items.

Mr. Samuel Head and crew on the new construction work at Bristol, have again been removed to similar work at Newark, N. J.

The work on the new bridges of the company are still progressing rapidly, a portion of two of the arches over Otter creek has already been finished, and the laying of tracks across this new structure may be looked for in the course of a very short time.

Mr. Charles Parker, formerly a ticket agent and operator on the Manhattan Elevated Railroad, New York, and who recently accepted the position of night operator at South Bristol, has with his mother removed from the above city to Washington street, near Wood, this borough.

Mr. J. Merrick Brown, the agent at Bristol station, who has been confined to the house for several weeks past with a severe spell of sickness, is somewhat improved, but not able to attend the duties of his position at the station. His place is being filled temporarily by Mr. Winfield Howe, formerly operator at Bristol. We hope for Mr. Brown's speedy recovery and restoration to health.

Railroad men, like employees of similar corporations, are disposed to keep the haps and mishaps of their vocation to themselves, nevertheless, our prowler this week has gathered a few facts from observation, as follows:

About 4 o'clock last Thursday morning a freight train, while taking the 4th track at Bristol freight depot, broke an axle of one of its cars, owing to an overheated journal, which caused a blockade on the east bound track, but which was speedily cleared upon the arrival of the Tullytown wrecking crew, thereby, fortunately, avoiding any delay to the lines running east. The same day a large dog belonging to a resident of Pond street was run over and killed near the scene of the above accident.

—The mansion of Mrs Effie Grubb, mother of Capt. E. Burd Grubb, at Burlington, N. J., was the scene of a tragedy Sunday evening, which has caused great excitement in that usually quiet town. About 10.30 o'clock Sunday evening, Fireng, the watchman at the Grubb mansion, shot and killed Charles Clayton, of Florence, whom he found upon the lawn.

Clayton was seen in company with another man driving through the streets of Burlington Sunday afternoon at a rapid gait. They both seemed to be under the influence of liquor and were whipping the horse they drove until the beast was nearly exhausted. About 8 o'clock in the evening they drove up Pearl street, and, when near Stacy, became engaged in a quarrel. Persons who saw the fracas say that Clayton drove the other man out of the wagon and then started off with the horse. He was not seen after this until about 9 o'clock, when the head waiter at the Grubb mansion, James Hugg, saw him staggering up the lawn toward the house. He procured a lantern and went out to look for him. After searching for a few minutes for the man he stumbled across him lying at full length on the grass snoring loudly, and to all appearances stupidly drunk. He did not attempt to eject the man from the premises, but thought he would wait and let the watchman, who patrols the grounds all night, take charge of him. He carried the lantern to his house, which was close by, and went to bed About 10 30 he heard two shots fired, but did not think anything of it, and went to sleep. When daylight dawned on Monday morning the man was found dead on the grass with a bullet through his body about an inch above the heart.

Jacob Fireng, the watchman, says that as he was walking down the gravel path he saw a man moving among the trees. He flashed the bulls-eye lantern which he carried upon him and the man sprang upon him and with a blow knocked the lantern from his hand and felled him to his knees. Fireng says he then drew his revolver and fired once in order to frighten the man, but as he again rushed at him he aimed at him and fired.

Jacob Fireng is an elderly man and bears a good reputation in Burlington, where he has lived all his life and is much respected for his sobriety and integrity. The coroner's jury considered that Mr. Fireng was guilty of manslaughter and bound him over.

—If a suburban newpaper may be allowed to express an opinion, we would like to say that the conflict between the Philadelphia *Press* and *Times* about their cable despatches, has ceased to be interesting reading matter. If these combatants intend to fight it out if it takes all summer, they will find that it will be a terrible ordeal for their readers to go through. It would be much better to order up the pistols and coffee at once.

HOME.

There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride.
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.
Here woman reigns, the mother, daughter, wife—
Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life.
In the clear heaven of her delighted eye
An angel guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
—*Montgomery.*

—General W. W. H. Davis on the 25th inst. completed the twenty-fifth year of his editorship and proprietorship of the *Doylestown Democrat.* We wish no worse luck in the future for the General than that he shall be found twenty-five years from now still at the helm of one of the most prosperous and ably conducted newspapers of the State.

—At a meeting of the citizens of Easton, Pa., on Friday last in the Board of Trade rooms it was decided to form a building association for the purpose of erecting comfortable, cheap-renting houses in Easton and South Easton. The capital will be $50,000, divided into one thousand shares of $50 each.

—Miss Sue Gillam, of Langborne, has accepted a position in the faculty of Swarthmore college, as teacher of mathematics. She will enter upon her duties in the fall.

—Heroizm iz simple, and yet it iz rare. Every one who duz the best they ken iz a hero.—*Josh Billings.*

USEFUL HINTS.

If the principal bones are removed from baked fish before it is sent to the table, it can be carved in an irreproachable manner with perfect ease.

A delicate pudding sauce is made of one egg beaten with one cup of sugar. This may be done some time before dinner; when it is time to serve the sauce pour over the sugar and egg half a cupful of boiling water; flavor with lemon or rose.

Stuffing for a baked fish should be made of fine bread crumbs, highly seasoned with pepper, salt and sage. One or two raw eggs beaten in with it also gives flavor to it. A little butter is needed if the fish is not too oily.

Spiced beef, which is delicious cold and sliced thin, is easily prepared. Choose a piece with less fat than you would wish to have in a roast; boil this until tender in water in which you have put salt, pepper, celery seed and cloves; the amount to depend on your taste.

Oatmeal pancakes are good for breakfast, and may occasionally take the place of the oatmeal and milk so universally served at that meal. Make them with sour milk, with soda to sweeten it The batter should be stiff. The oatmeal, unless it is ground very fine, should be soaked in water all night.

Lettuce, boiled, makes a good side-dish Cook and serve as you do spinach. A small piece of bacon boiled with it is a good seasoning. When the lettuce has grown a little rank and is not quite crisp enough to serve as salad, it may be prepared in this way, and make an agreeable and wholesome dish.

Muffins made principally of boiled hominy are excellent for breakfast. To two cups of cold boiled hominy allow one cup of flour, a heaping spoonful of salt, two eggs, a third of a cup of butter, a heaping tablespoonful of sugar, and two tablespoonfuls of baking powder, mix this with the flour, beat all together, and bake in a quick oven, in muffin tins. These are very nice with coffee.

Lobster croquettes make a nice dish for supper on chilly days, when even the simple and plain liver, though a high thinker, must wish for something warm. Chop the lobster very fine, season with pepper and salt, and mix with bread-crumbs; moisten with cream, if possible, if not, use melted butter with a little water, shape in round, flat cakes, and fry quickly in hot lard, an egg is a good addition.

To vary a rice pudding, try this way of baking it: Put enough cold boiled rice in a pudding dish to fill it half full; put in milk and the yolks of eggs to form a custard set it in the oven, and when it is done put over the top the whites of the eggs, beaten to a stiff froth, with sugar to make it almost like frosting. Add the juice and grated peel of one lemon; spread this over the pudding smoothly, and let it brown in the oven.

A delicious pie is made thus Take one large cup of the clear juice of any fruit; and a tablespoonful of gelatine dissolved in as little water as possible, one cup of sugar. Bake with two crusts. Rub the top of the upper crust with milk in which you have dissolved a little sugar, or with the white of an egg. The juice left in cans of fruit can be utilized in this way, but it should be heated to the boiling point and the scum skimmed off, or it may be strained.

Any one who is familiar with the manner in which asparagus is cultivated will take all necessary care to wash it well before cooking it. Not less than two or three waters are needed; do not drain the last water off, but take the asparagus out of it. A favorite way to cook it is to boil in salt water until it is tender, leaving the stalks whole; then lay three or four of them on slices of toast and pour milk or cream seasoned with pepper and a little butter, over them. A safe way to determine if each stalk is tender before cooking is to break, not cut, a little piece off; if woody and tough it will not break easily.

A correspondent asks what will remove the "shine" from black silk. This cannot always be done; it depends on how much worn it is: but sometimes it can be freshened surprisingly by sponging it with cold coffee and ammonia—a teaspoonful of ammonia to nearly a cupful of coffee. Use a very soft sponge or a flannel cloth; rub very gently; and, if possible to get along without so doing, do not iron the silk at all. Spread it out smoothly while damp, and pin the edges to an ironing table or board, and let it dry in this way. If it is too much wrinkled or folded lay a cloth over the wrong side of the silk after sponging, and iron it.

The progress of science in relation to health is seen nowhere in clearer light than in all matters pertaining to children's clothing. The long-sleeved, high-necked knit wrappers, a perfect fit for a boy of five months, would doubtless astonish the child's great-grandmother. The price, also, at which they are offered is surprising, making it cheaper to buy them than to make them out of old ones, when one considers the waste. If they are put on in early spring they will become thin enough, in consequence of the frequent washing necessary, to be worn all summer, and the mother who adopts this sensible way of dressing her child will be rewarded by its freedom from cold and restlessness.

—The Lansdale *Reporter* denies that Johnson of the North Wales *Record* was struck by lightning. Now let us hear from Johnson himself. He ought to know.

—Robert M. Sturgeon, a Harrisburg editor, while umpiring a base ball game, was struck above the right eye by a foul ball and felled to the ground. He sustained a concussion of the brain.

—We are pleased to learn from the *Doylestown Democrat* that the folks up that way have finished their annual spring housecleaning. Happy community.

—Iowa has the largest number of twins of any state in the union. According to reports, 940 Iowa mothers gave birth to twins last year.

GENERAL NOTES.

—It is said that Robert Grant, author of "A Frivolous Girl," has sold his new novel to Osgood & Co., for $3,500, who in turn sold it to the editors of the *Century* for $5,000.

—During a storm at Beliot, Wis., Friday, it is said, a number of fish, one of them weighing nearly a pound, dropped in the streets. Hailstones measuring four inches in circumference also fell.

American manufacturers of steel claim to be able to supply all the steel guns of the required description to arm the new cruisers, so that it may not become necessary to purchase any abroad.

—Eight prisoners escaped from the Camden (N. J.) county jail on Friday by sawing off the steel bars of their cell windows and then breaking the lock of the iron gate. Five of them were recaptured.

—According to the *Bazar*, flowers dispute the field with feathers for the trimming of bonnets, but always in large thick clusters, and the little capotes are bidden from sight by the huge bouquets with which they are loaded.

—The Salvation Army now, it is stated, numbers 484 corps, with 1,500,000 members, whilst the income amounts to £121,000. The rental expenses last year were £21,000, and the value of the property acquired £150,800, but the mortgages amounted to £54,000.

—Frederick Douglass furnishes for publication an emphatic denial of the published statement that he received suggestions from President Arthur as to the time and place of holding the proposed Colored Convention.

—The Post Office Department at Washington is sending back to different Pennsylvania towns for redemption notes issued by the boroughs many years ago. The Treasurer of West Chester has been called upon to make good a promise of the borough to pay five cents dated 1837.

—Amasa Stone realized the full force of the question, "What's all the world without a good digestion?" He was a martyr to dyspepsia, which produced with him sleeplessness, and sometimes he scarce got two hours' sleep in a night.

—It is estimated that American securities having a par value of $30,000,000 have been returned from Europe during the past month. The consequence is shown in the advance of sterling demand bills, which has nearly reached the point where the export of gold becomes profitable.

—A firm in Lansingburg, New York, has nearly finished "a paper steamboat" for a Pittsburg company. The vessel is 29 feet long, can seat 25 persons and carry three tons. Its sheathing is a solid body of paper, ¼ inch thick. A bullet from a revolver, fired at the sheathing from a distance of only four feet, neither penetrated nor abraded it.

—Since its commencement, the New York Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children, has entertained over 11,000 cases, involving over 100,000 children, and during the past year alone, over 3,000 children were looked after, and 1,853 placed in homes or institutions, to say nothing of its prosecution of 1,035 cases, resulting in 1,009 convictions.

—Editorial writing in Dakota, as witnessed in the Bismarck *Tribune*: "The night was calm and still and the song of the red-breasted warbler came borne upon the air with a beautiful distinctness. It sung for fully an hour, its half plaintive, half joyous melody coming to us as we sat in our South window in a weird and entrancing volume of harmonious beauty."

—A Philadelphia youngster who was hunting for a lost base ball in the yard of the Commercial Hotel on Saturday found a package of bonds, deeds, checks and notes amounting to $50,000, wrapped up in a newspaper. The police after considerable inquiry discovered that the property belonged to one John Stockwell and was stolen from the office at No. 15 South Seventh street several years ago. The thief took $70 in money also, but none of the paper was negotiable. The boy received the reward of $30 which was offered at the time of the robbery, with the observation that it was a better business than finding baseballs.

—The formal opening of the great Brooklyn Bridge took place last Thursday. There were present the President of the United States, Secretaries Frelinghuysen, Chandler and Folger, Postmaster General Gresham and Attorney General Brewster; Governors Cleveland, of New York; Ludlow, of New Jersey; Littlefield, of Rhode Island, and Fairbanks, of Vermont, and a number of other prominent gentlemen. The programme included prayer by Bishop Littlejohn; presentation of the bridge by William C. Kingsley, of the Board of Trustees, and its acceptance by the Mayors of Brooklyn and New York; addresses by Hon. Abram C. Hewitt and Rev. Dr. Storrs, and music by Levy and a band. After the exercises the Presidential party drove to the house of Chief Engineer Roebling, in Brooklyn, and the citizens of Brooklyn were received by President Authur and Governor Cleveland in the Academy of Music.

A Nuisance Still Unabated.

Notwithstanding the attention of the proper authorities has been called to the condition of Pond street, near Dorrance, the nuisance continues unabated. Diptheria in a malignant form has already made its appearance, three children in one family in the immediate vicinity being prostrated by it, one of whom died. This is but the beginning. Would it not be well to do something at once to abate this evil or must we wait until it becomes epidemic and many families are subjected to suffering and mourning. This is too serious a matter to justify delay.

J. S. COOK.

—List of letters remaining in the Bristol Post Office, Wednesday evening, May 30th, 1883:—Wm. Barnes, Joseph Bruce, W. F. Cooper, Mrs. Maurice Casey, Charles J. Curran, Wm. Elroy, Henry S. Hibbs; Wm. H. Holt, Maggie Harkins, Henry Miller, Anne M. Miller, Rena McCann, Wm. Pharas, Ellas Praul, Howard Parsey, Miss Anglio Powell, F. Sibley, W. D. Smith and Wm. Taffe.

Skinny Men. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility. $1.

—The hot weather is a little too backward to suit the summer resort hotel. It may make up in ferocity what it lacks in length.

☞T. S. Cornell, the proprietor of the Dorrance street meat market, continues to supply his customers with beef, veal and mutton at the lowest market prices. For good meat at fair prices go to his stand.

☞Fresh groceries at Charles H. Fenton's. Best quality canned goods at Charles H. Fenton's. The finest teas, the best coffees at Charles H. Fenton's. For good goods at the right prices go to the corner of Mill and Cedar streets, Charles H. Fenton.

☞Choice roasts and juicy steaks. Choice roasts and juicy steaks. Choice roasts and juicy steaks. Choice roasts and juicy steaks. At Edward S. Stackhouse's meat market, Mill street near the corner of Cedar.

☞39 Mill street is the place where will be found a fresh lot of country produce every morning, also a full stock of groceries, provisions, fresh and salt meats, a large stock of flitch and hams of our own curing. Give us a call and you will be satisfied. H. Hibbs & Son.

☞Leave your order at 39 Mill street where will always be found as small quantity of Silver Lake or Kennebec ice as is desired. Strict attendance given to all orders left with us H. Hibbs, 39 Mill street.

☞SOLDIERS, ATTENTION!—Milo B. Stevens & Co., the well known War Claim Attorneys, will be represented at Doylestown, Bucks Co., Pa., Wednesday and Thursday, May 30th and 31st, by their special agent. Soldiers and others interested in claims for pension, increase of pension, arrears of pay and bounty of those charged with desertion, or other claims, it is hoped will give him a call. The special agent will be at the office of the Prothonotary.

☞$1,000.00 can be made selling Murray's maps and charts. Send for circulars, free, to J. Morrison Murray, publisher, Elizabeth, N. J.

Illustrated book of CAGE BIRDS mailed for 3 cent stamp. BIRD FOOD CO., 237 South 8th St., Philada.

CHEAPEST FASHION MAGAZINE in the world, 120 large pages, 4 pages new music, 1000 engravings each issue 50 cents per year, single copies 15 cts STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER, 8th & Market Sts, Philada.

MARRIED.

METZ—HETHERINGTON.—At the residence of the bride's parents, May 29th, 1883 by the Rev. H. E Gilroy, Mr George W Metz and Miss Lucy R. Hetherington, all of Bristol.

KNOWLES—BUNTING.—On Fourth-day, Fifth-month 23d, 1883, at the residence of the bride's mother, according to the order of the Society of Friends, Thomas C. Knowles, of Yardley, Pa, and Sarah E. Bunting, of Newtown.

DIED.

FENTON.—At Collegeville, Pa, on May 27th, 1883, Jennie, daughter of Herbert and Hannah Fenton

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

In light weight Clothing for Summer wear we have a fine assortment, well made and at moderate prices.

Full lines of Summer

Cassimeres, Cheviots,
Serges, Worsteds,
Alpacas, Linens,
Etc., Etc., Etc.

Every sale guaranteed or money refunded.

A. C. YATES & CO.,
Ledger Building, Chestnut and Sixth Sts,
PHILADELPHIA.

USE
PURSELL'S
POROUS PLASTERS.

NONE ARE MORE EFFECTUAL.

S. W. COR. MILL AND CEDAR STREETS,
BRISTOL, PA.

Business Properties For Sale.

No. 1.—A STORE AND DWELLING in Bristol Borough, on the southwest side of Mill street between Cedar and Wood streets, occupied by Frank N. Booz. Carriage way and large stable back.

No. 2.—A STORE AND DWELLING, adjoining the above, occupied by Frank T. Chambers.

Also, a splendid BUILDING LOT on Radcliffe street, between Penn and Dorrance, 43½ feet front, running to Cedar street. Apply to
SAMUEL SWAIN, Agent.

Farm For Rent.

PROPERTY of the late Thos. C. Headley. Apply on the premises, Bristol Township, near Cold Spring Station Pennsylvania R. R. Or W. M. STACKHOUSE, Emilie

MISS M. G. PAXSON,
Portraits in Crayon and Charcoal,
ILLUSTRATIONS, DESIGNS, SKETCHES.
Radcliffe St., Corner Walnut, Bristol, Pa.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. Wesley Wright,
NEXT TO CANAL BRIDGE,
MILL STREET, BRISTOL, PA.,
Is now exposing for sale a varied assortment of
SPRING AND SUMMER
DRESS FABRICS,
at very low prices.

Guinets Fine Black Silk, at $1 yd.
Guinets Fine Black Silk, $1.25 yd.
Guinets Fine Black Silk, $1.25 yd.
Black All-Silk Rhadames.
Black All-Wool French Cashmeres.
Nun's Veilings,
In all the latest colorings.
Flannel Suitings and Sackings,
In dark and light mixtures.
DRESS GOODS at 25c. yard.
DRESS GOODS at 25c. yard.
In a great variety of styles and colorings.
DRESS GOODS at 12½c. yard.
DRESS GOODS at 12½c. yd.
In Solid Colors and Plaids.
In Solid Colors and Plaids.

White Goods! White Goods!
WHITE GOODS!
DOTTED SWISS,
PLAID VICTORIA MUSLIN,
INDIA LAWNS.
CORDED P.K'S. CORDED P.K'S.
Seersucker Stripes and Ginghams.
Seersucker Stripes and Ginghams.
Kid, Silk, and Lisle Thread Gloves,
In all the latest style and colors.

HOSIERY!
Hosiery! Hosiery!
From the very low price, at 10 cents pair, to the finest Lisle Thread, at $1 pair.
Summer Merino Wear!
Summer Merino Wear!
Gauze Underwear!
Gauze Underwear!
For gents, ladies and children.

IN
Fine All-Wool Cassimeres,
FOR MEN'S AND BOY'S WEAR.
We are offering some fine things at extremely low prices, having purchased an entire lot of the production of the Livingston Mills, which we purchased very low, and are selling rapidly.

It is our pleasure to show to our customers the largest line of
CARPETS,
that have ever been exhibited in Bristol, at prices which we think will compare with Philadelphia.
BODY BRUSSELS,
TAPESTRY BRUSSELS,
EX-SUPER INGRAINS,
ALL-WOOL INGRAINS,
Ingrain Carpets, from 30 cents yard, up.
Mattings by the roll or yard.
Mattings by the roll or yard.
Table Oil Cloths, Floor Oil Cloths, and Shadings.

CHILDREN'S COACHES!
CHILDREN'S COACHES!

GROCERY STOCK
FULL AND FRESH.

J. Wesley Wright,
BRISTOL, PA.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Can any of the Readers of this Paper answer the following Questions?

Why is it that a Bristol storekeeper can sell a fine telescope hat for 50 cents, when the price in city hat stores is 75 cents and $1?

How can a Bristol storekeeper sell a heavy duck overall, strong and durable, for 40 cents, where other places charge 75 cents for the same goods?

How is it possible that working pants, good and strong can be sold for 65 cents?

Don't it seem strange that gent's good calico shirts can be made and sold for 25 cents?

How does any storekeeper manage to obtain a good working suit to sell as low as $3 25?

How can a shoemaker make a living, and at the same time allow a profit to the storekeeper, and furnish a custom-made solid leather working shoe for $1 30?

Where does the profit come in when four pairs of handsome striped stockings are sold for 25 cents?

Why is it? That there are still a few who possess the insane idea that they can buy clothing in Philadelphia or Trenton cheap, lose a whole day, incur expenses of fare and meals, only to find to their intense disgust that they have actually paid 25 per cent. more for their purchases.

The answers to the above questions can be obtained by enquiring at

WOOD'S
Cash Clothing Store,
MILL STREET, NEAR WOOD,
Where any of the goods mentioned can be purchased at the prices stated

EVERY LADY
SHOULD SUBSCRIBE FOR
Strawbridge & Clothier's
FASHION QUARTERLY.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:
Nearly one thousand engravings, illustrating the new things in every department of fashion

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:
Four pages of new music, in most cases original, either vocal or instrumental.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:
The prices of all kinds of Dry Goods, together with descriptions and engravings to show what they look like.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:
Valuable original articles, mostly illustrated, on subjects that treat of the adornment of the person, the beautifying of home, and the newest things in art needle work.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:
Instructions how the distant consumer can shop as satisfactorily and as economically as residents of the city.

PRICE, 50 CENTS PER YEAR.
SPECIMEN COPIES, 15 CENTS.
STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER,
Eighth and Market Streets, Philadelphia.

For Sale.

HOUSES of every size and description Terms of payment very liberal
JOSHUA PEIRCE.

RIVER STEAMERS.

The Steamboat Silver Star
Leaves Mill street wharf, Bristol, at 8 o'clock, A M. Returning, leaves Arch street wharf, Philadelphia, at 3 o'clock, P. M.
Fare, 25 cents Excursion tickets, 40 cents

Trips Resumed.
THE STEAMBOAT
COLUMBIA,
Will leave Bristol for Philadelphia, at 7 15 A M, and 4 P.M, touching at Burlington, Beverly, Riverton, Torresdale and Andalusia Returning, leaves Philadelphia at 2 and 6 P M Fare, 25c. each way Excursion, 40 cents.

STEAMBOAT
TWILIGHT.
The Steamer Twilight will leave Chestnut street wharf, Philadelphia at 7 A M and 3 P M for Beverly, Burlington and Bristol, touching at Riverton, Torresdale, and Andalusia Returning, leave Bristol at 9 30 A M. and 5 00 P M Fare, 25c Excursion 40c
Freight taken at low rates
HENRY CRAWFORD, Captain

Trips Resumed to Trenton.
THE STEAMER
EDWIN FORREST
Will leave Arch street wharf, Philadelphia touching at Tacony, Torresdale Beverly Burlington Bristol, Florence, Penn's Manor, White Hill and Trenton

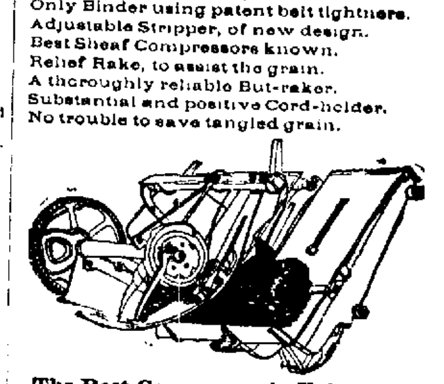
Leaves Arch St wharf		Leaves South Trenton	
Friday,	1, 9 A M	Friday	1 [illegible] P M
Saturday,	2 10 A M	Saturday,	2, [illegible] P M
Monday,	4 11 A M	Monday	4 [illegible] P M
Tuesday,	5, 11½ A M	Tuesday,	5, 3 P M
Wednesday,	6 12½ P M	Wednesday	6 [illegible] P M
Thursday,	7, 1 P M	Thursday	7 [illegible] P M

Leaves Bristol about one hour and a half after leaving Philadelphia for Trenton.
Fare, Philadelphia to Trenton 40 cts Excursion 60 cts.
All other places, 25 cts Excursion, 40 cts.

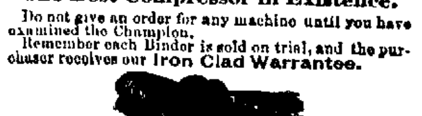
MISCELLANEOUS.

"Hot Shot for '83."
CHAMPION

CORD BINDER.
12
Radical Reasons why you Should Buy it.
The only reliable Automatic Trip.
Best Guard Finger and Knife in use.
Best Chains, simple, durable & effectual.
A solid Combination box for Bevel Wheels.
Light Draft and a powerful cutter.
Only Binder using patent belt tighteners.
Adjustable Stripper, of new design.
Best Sheaf Compressors known.
Relief Rake, to assist the grain.
A thoroughly reliable But-raker.
Substantial and positive Cord-holder.
No trouble to save tangled grain.



The Best Compressor in Existence.
Do not give an order for any machine until you have examined the Champion.
Remember each Binder is sold on trial, and the purchaser receives our Iron Clad Warrantee.



WHITELY, FASSLER & KELLY,
BUILDERS,
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, U. S. A.
THOS. McMILLAN, Agent,
CLOSSON HOUSE. BRISTOL, PA.

"Buy Your Carpets of the Manufacturers."
JOHN BROMLEY & SONS,
Office at their
RETAIL STORE,
915 MARKET Street, Philadelphia.
Their own special designs and makes of
Wiltons, (Smith's Axminster Moquettes,)
Body Brussels,
Tapestry Brussels,
All-Wool Ingrains,
Extra Super Ingrains,
Cotton Carpets,
Imperial Damasks.
Also, a full line of
"CANTON MATTINGS," LINOLEUMS, OIL CLOTHS, &c,
Smyrna Carpets, Rugs and Mats.
The headquarters for this kind of goods
We warrant all goods as represented.

JOSEPH SHERMAN,
MANUFACTURER OF
SASH, DOORS, BLINDS,
SHUTTERS AND FRAMES,
Siding and Flooring,
MOULDINGS AND BRACKETS,
IN EVERY VARIETY.
Mill—Dorrance St., West of Railroad.
BRISTOL, PA

REAL ESTATE.
A FINE LOT OF PROPERTIES FOR SALE
Business Stands large and small Dwellings Prices all the way from $500 to $5,000 Terms easy Come, take your choice between Spruce, Pine, Dorrance, Washington, Wood, Penn, Walnut, Radcliffe and Mill streets A. WEIR GILKESON,
Attorney at Law,
Next to Post Office Bristol.

A GREAT POINT IN
OUR CLOTHING
is the fact that it is not stuffed up with padding and wadding and yet fits well.
FOR STYLE AND FIT
OUR READY-MADE CLOTHING IS UNEQUALED
AND THE PRICES ARE LOW.
Our advent on Chestnut Street seems to have excited some alarm among our competitors, if we can judge from the Unheard-of Mark-Downs which have been sprung on the public. But, in spite of this, our rapidly increasing trade assures us that we have struck the right vein.
AND OUR NEW STORE IS A GRAND SUCCESS.

JACOB REED'S SONS.
LEADING AND OLDEST CLOTHIERS,
920 and 922 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.
ESTABLISHED 1824.

We would Like You to Try a
5 LB. CADDY OF OUR TEA,
AT $2.00.
YOU WILL BE SURPRISED WITH ITS FLAVOR AND STRENGTH.
MARTINDALE & JOHNSON,
Tenth and Market Streets,
PHILADELPHIA.

LOAG & PARKER,
936 Market Street, Philadelphia.
CARPETS.
Spring Styles Now Ready.
CANTON MATTINGS,
New and Fresh, Just Landed.
OIL CLOTHS, LINOLEUMS,
SHADES, RUGS AND MATS.
☞Call and examine our stock before purchasing.

"GO TO"
JOHN MOORE & CO., FOR DRESS GOODS.
JOHN MOORE & CO., FOR BLACK GOODS.
JOHN MOORE & CO., FOR BOY'S OR MEN'S WEAR.
JOHN MOORE & CO., FOR UNDERWEAR, ALL KINDS.
JOHN MOORE & CO., FOR MUSLINS OR LINEN GOODS.
JOHN MOORE & CO., FOR FLANNELS OF EVERY GRADE.
JOHN MOORE & CO., FOR TOWELS, NAPKINS, &c., &c.
JOHN MOORE & CO., FOR HOSIERY, GLOVES, HDKS.
In fact all who wish to economize in purchasing of their family
DRY GOODS
Of whatever kind or quality, should not fail to go to the "Store for Bargains" kept by
JOHN MOORE & CO.,
517 & 519 N. Second Street, above Noble, Philadelphia.
P. S—When next in the city please call and inspect our offerings for the Spring and Summer of 1883.

NewspaperARCHIVE®

From the Boston Transcript.

FANCY.

BY JAMES RILEY.

Smiling Fancy, come with me!
We will sit by the greenwood tree,
I will hear what you will say
First, begin with green-leaved May,
When the streamlet sings new songs—
Late released from Winter's thongs—
And the robin sounds his lay,
Answered back by screech of jay,
As beside the half-hid brink
Rings so sweet the bobolink—
From his weed it sounds so clear'—
While the black bird down the mere
Joyous flaps his red-marked wings
As the chorus sweetly sings
"May, May!
Beautiful, beautiful May!"

Then we'll talk of fair-eyed June,
When Dame Nature, all attune,
Shows her fragrant flowery leas,
And the music of the bees
Through the long day fills the ear,
And at eve we seem to hear
The dew drop fall upon the rose,
As Titania softly goes—
Guided by the tinkling rill,
When the moon comes o'er the hill
Lighted by the firefly's light,
Warning her of water sprite—
With her fays, to hear the croon
Of the brooklet singing "June,
June June!
Beautiful, beautiful June!"

A YOUNG WIFE AT RICHMOND.

Mr. Thomas Bilbury is the junior partner in the great firm of Bilbury, Blackthorne & Co., tea merchants of Calcutta and London. The senior partner is Mr. Joseph Bilbury, his father, who has a very nice house at Kew, and until a year or two ago there was a third member of the firm in the person of Thomas' uncle Babbington Blackthorne, the Calcutta representative of the establishment. But, unfortunately, Mr. Blackthorne, like many Englishmen who live in India, drank too much Scotch whiskey and Bass ale, and ate too much curry and too many "Bombay ducks;" the result being that at the age of fifty-five his liver declined to bear the strain put upon it, and collapsed, leaving its owner so weak and ill that he had barely time ere he died to telegraph to his partners in England a brief notice of his impending fate. This alarming despatch arrived at a particularly inopportune moment. Mr. Thomas Bilbury had on the day before married a very charming young lady, Lydia Lapples by name, and the intelligence of his uncle's sad condition necessitated that the newly made husband—who, by the way, had only become acquainted with his bride about six weeks before marriage—should without a moment's delay, take the train for Dover, cross to Calais, and thence go by the quickest route to Calcutta The affair was pressing. Mr. Blackthorne's death would certainly throw the business into confusion, and any hesitation on the part of the English partners might imperil the future of the firm.

'Go at once, my dear boy,' wrote Mr. Joseph Bilbury to his son, who was in the Isle of Wight, 'and send your wife to me. I will take care of her, and see her settled in your new home at Richmond. I would go myself, but my gout won't allow me. And above all things take care of your liver."

There was no help for it. Mr. Bilbury, Jr., felt that he must go, so he did, putting the best face on the matter, and bidding a very long and tender good-bye to his poor little wife. He escorted her across to Portsmouth put her on a London train, kissed her, saw her off, and then took the next train for Dover.

She settled down in her new home on Richmond Hill and he for many months afterward worked hard at his desk in Calcutta, arranging the worldly affairs of his dead uncle, and from time to time sending home reports of his progress and love-letters to Lydia.

Two years, in fact, elapsed ere he was able to return to England, and then he returned, as he had gone out, at a moment's notice. Unforseen circumstances suddenly left him free and unwilling to lose a day, he took the first homeward bound steamer, which so it happened, was also taking to Richmond a letter, written a few days earlier, in which Mr. Bilbury, among other matters, regretted to his wife that the pressure of business would not leave him at liberty for at least a month

He travelled home without adventure, landed in due course at Dover, arrived in London late at night, and, without having written a word of warning to Lydia, hurried on next morning to Richmond Hill. Why he did not write or telegraph, we cannot say, perhaps he thought his sudden appearance would agreeably surprise his wife or perhaps he was too excited to be able to think at all. But in any case he neither wrote nor telegraphed a single word of preparation.

It was a fine sunny morning in Summer Mr Thomas Bilbury had scarcely seen his new home, which he had taken in a hurry immediately before his wedding, and he was walking eagerly up the short carriage drive leading to the house, when happening to cast his gaze toward the upper windows, he caught sight of a fair, white-draped figure which was watering some flowering plants that stood in a row on the sill. He at once recognized the figure as that of his wife, and was about to utter a cry of salutation when he suddenly became conscious that she did not recognize him, for with graceful modesty she withdrew from the window and disappeared as soon as she became conscious that he was watching her. An idea struck him. It was a foolish but not wholly unnatural one. He would pretend to be some one else—a friend, say of her husband's—and would ask to see her as such. Of course she would at once recognize his voice but then the surprise, and the consequent pleasure would be the more complete if he thus deferred them. He knocked, therefore, at the door, and to the servant who appeared and announced that he had just returned from India and desired to see Mrs. Bilbury. He gave no name, but he was admitted and shown into the drawing room, where in some perturbation of mind, he awaited the advent of the wife from whom he had been so long and so cruelly separated.

'I suppose that she will not know me,' he reflected, as he stood with his back to the window; 'but it is true that I have grown a tolerably big beard since I went away, and that I have become considerbly tanned. However, the beard ought to make no great difference. I suppose that she would know me if she saw me in my shirt-sleeves, or with both legs cut off at the knees. On the other hand, she thinks I am still at Calcutta, for she must have my last letter this morning. I hope my sudden appearance here won't upset her. I must be careful.'

Here his thoughts were switched aside by the unmistakeable sounds of rustling skirts in the passage without; and as the door opened he involuntarily turned and gazed into the garden, at the same time coughing nervously.

'May I offer you a chair? I am afraid that you will find the open window too much for you,' said a soft voice behind him.

Oh, no; not at all!" he returned facing his wife for an instant, and then hastily resumed his survey of the garden.

Mrs. Bilbury did not in the least recognize her husband. 'Do let me order a fire to be lighted,' she added.

'Oh, no; not for worlds!' ejaculated Tom, as he turned slowly round, conscious at last that even his nervousness was no excuse for his rudeness. 'But the fact is, Mrs.—"

'My name is Mrs. Bilbury!"

'Oh! thank you—yes! The fact is, Mrs. Bilbury, that I am not yet entirely reconciled to this abominable English climate. I—ah—that is to say, a man who has existed in groves of mango—ah—and has lived on curry and chutnee—ah—with the thermometer standing doggedly at a hundred and two in the shade, is—ah, but I dare say you understand"

'Oh, perfectly, Mr.—I think I have not the pleasure of knowing your name."

'Who am I?' thought Mr. Thomas Bilbury, "My name,' he said, after a slight pause, 'is Tilbury.'

'What a curious similarity?' said his wife. 'Yes; I can readily believe that people coming home from India find this climate very trying at first even in summer. My husband writes thas the heat in Calcutta has been excessive. Possibly, Mr. Tilbury you have called to give me some news of him? I hope so. I thought his last letter was not written in very good spirits."

'That is satisfactory,' thought Mr. Bilbury. 'The lapse of two years has not altered her love for me."

'Yes,' he said aloud, 'I can give you some news of him, for, a month ago, I was at Calcutta."

'Indeed! How delightful! Do sit down, Mr. Tilbury. It is delightful to meet any one who has seen my husband so recently, for I gather from what you say that you have seen him. How was he?"

Mr. Bilbury was by this time much exercised in his mind as to what to say next. On the one hand, he was afraid to declare himself for fear of frightening his wife; on the other he rather enjoyed the situation. He determined for the present to retain his incognito.

'He was,' he said with deliberate hesitation, 'as well as could be expected.'

'As well as could be expected?' repeated Mrs. Bilbury with alarm. 'Do you mean that he has been ill?'

'Well, not exactly ill," prevaricated Tom, who had not yet made up his mind as to what he should say.

'But I do not understand you. Tell me, please. What has happened to him?'

Mr. Bilbury wondered what the end would be. He heartily wished that his wife would recognize him and settle the difficulty by throwing her arms round his neck.

'Nothing very serious,' he said. 'I dare say he has told you that he became very fond of tiger shooting?'

'Ah, tigers! Tell me, Mr. Tilbury, tell me!"

'Well, he went out tiger shooting one day as usual—ah—he was accompanied only by his servant. They entered the jungle! Suddenly, and without warning, a huge female tiger sprang upon your husband and bore him to the earth. The native fled for assistance; help arrived, and the victim was found faint from loss of blood, with his right arm torn out at the socket, his left eye destroyed, and the calf of his left leg—ah—deeply scored by the cruel claws of the ferocious monster.'

'Dear me, how alarming" commented Mrs Bilbury, but the exclamation seemed so out of proportion to the gravity of the story that Mr. Bilbury felt seriously disappointed. 'That fully accounts,' continued Lydia, 'for his bad spirits. His right arm'—

'Yes, torn out at the socket, Mrs. Bilbury He has learned to write with his left hand'

'Ah! dreadful. And his left eye destroyed?'

'Yes, he wears a glass eye, poor fellow.'

'It must be agony And his leg deeply scored by the cruel claws of the ferocious monster! Terrible misfortune! And when you left him, Mr. Tilbury, how was he? Will he survive?'

A new light seemed to break upon Mr. Bilbury. Did his wife want him to survive? He felt by no means sure of it.

'It is impossible to say with certainty,' he said, 'but you must hope for the best. Let me beg of you, my dear Mrs. Bilbury, to keep up your spirits.'

'Indeed Then he had not quite forgotten me'

'Forgotten you?' repeated Tom, his feelings for an instant getting the better of him. 'Oh, no! I think that it is the lot of but few women to have a husband so utterly devoted to her.'

'And of but few men to have a wife—'

'So charming,' said Mr. Bilbury finishing the sentence..

'Oh, Mr Tilbury! But of course you will stay to luncheon. Do, to please me. You know that a woman hates solitude little less than the smallpox. One moment. I will just go and give the necessary orders. And Mrs. Bilbery rose and quitted the room.

'Well, his is awful" reflected her husband as soon as he was left alone. 'She doesn't recognize me, and apparently she doesn' seem to care for me much. She reminds me that there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. That, I suppose means if I would only die and liberate her she would promptly marry some one else, a nice instance of the faithlessness of women! Perhaps I would do well to leave her at once, and never let her know the truth: but I can't do that. I love her still, indeed I'm afraid I love her more than ever I did. No. I will see this affair to the end. If she is unfaithful I will find her out, and then—'

His meditations were cut short by his wife, who informed him that she had ordered some luncheon, and that he must meanwhile do his best to amuse her, as there was no one else in the house except the servants. This style of conversation made Tom more reckless; and at once he launched out into an account of an imaginary moonlight picnic at Aden, where—so he let it appear—he had broken the hearts of several girls, and upon the whole had behaved in a highly reprehensible manner.

'It must have been very delightful,' said Mrs. Bilbury 'I wish I had been there! Sometimes we have very pleasant evenings here. Of course I know every one in the neighborhood, and, as a married woman, I ask whom I like to my house You must come one night, Mr. Tilbury, and sup with us afterwards.'

By this time Tom was perfectly frantic. I am afraid I shan't be here for long,' he said bitterly. 'I am going abroad. I cannot rest anywhere.'

'You are worried, I see,' said Mrs Bilbury. 'I can sympathize with you.'

'Yes, family matters and disappointments, you know.'

'Disappointments! But you are young; and, if you will excuse me, not bad looking. Perhaps you have merely lost your heart to one of the young ladies at Aden.'

'Oh, no,' he replied. 'And to tell the truth, I am doubtful whether any woman would be worth worrying about.'

'Don't be cynical,' said Mrs. Bilbury with a smile. 'Perhaps you expect too much from women.

'But I expect sympathy, fidelity and consideration,' answered Mr. Bilbury, gravely.

'But the probable death of your husbaed!' added Mr. Bilbury.

'Oh, I am philosophical. We were only together two days, we only knew each other for a few weeks. What am I to him? What is he to me? Life is still before me.'

'That is rather plain speaking,' thought Tom. 'I wonder whether she would like to get up a flirtation with me. I will draw her on a little.'

'Ah!' he said aloud, 'you have happiness within your grasp, and you can make another happy. It is not every man who is so fortunate as to meet with a woman like you. Now, I confess that I have been unfortunate in my experience. But if I thought I might hope for your sympathy—'

'Surely Mr. Tilbury, it would be unwomanly of me to refuse it.'

'This,' thought Mr. Bilbury, 'is my faithful and devoted wife" yet he was unable to refrain from seating himself beside Lydia and putting his arm around her waist. 'Dear Mrs. Bilbury,' he said, 'I love you! Do you, can you love me?'

She gave a scarcely perceptible gesture of assent, and Tom, thoroughly convinced of his wife's untrustworthiness, sprang up and confronted her.

'Mrs. Bilbury,' he said, 'what would your husband say to this? You have disgraced him!'

She looked up and held out her hands imploringly.

'Ah! if you were only a good woman" And he approached her and took her by the hand. For an instant he stood thus, then he raised the hand and kissed it, and finally he kissed his wife on the cheek.

'Are you going, Mr. Tilbury,' she asked.

'Yes, I had better go; it is for the best.'

We could not be happy. Good bye" He kissed her again, and then moved slowly away to the door, where he stood painfully regarding her

'Good bye" she echoed 'But,' she continued in another tone of voice, 'Tom!'

'Tom!' repeated Mr. Bilbury, starting and coloring. 'Who told you my name was Tom?'

'You did, you foolish fellow, about two years ago.'

'And you know me, Lydia?' he cried, as he quickly returned to her. 'You have known me all along?'

'No, I did not know you until you told me that tremendous story about the tiger. There was no mistaking you then!'

By this time Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bilbury were embracing each other so affectionately that the conversation was rendered very fragmentary and disjointed. It is, therefore, almost impossible to chronicle what they said, but it is certain that they forgave each other, and it is a matter of notoriety that there has since been no happier couple on Richmond Hill —*Chambers Journal.*

MR. BRYCE ON ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

In the June *Century*, Professor James Bryce, M. P., discusses the Irish question in a singularly fair spirit and with perfect mastery of the facts. What might be called the sentimental obstacles to harmony between the countries are explained in part as follows "The English government of Ireland is still practically a foreign government. The English may say that it ought not to be so, cannot be so, because after all the two islands form one kingdom, owe allegiance to a queen who is as directly queen of the one as of the other, are governed by a popular assembly, in which representatives of Ireland—representatives more numerous than her population and wealth entitle her to—sit and vote and speak freely, and more than freely. Nevertheless, people in Ireland still think of and talk of the Government, not as their Government, but as "the English Government" It seems to them an external power, set in motion by forces they do not control, conducted on principles which may or may not be good, but which are not their principles Unquestionably there is much truth in such a view. One need only listen to an Irish debate in the House of Commons to recognize it And one must further admit that the English are not merely foreigners, but by no means gracious and agreeable foreigners, to deal with. In spite of their many virtues, partly because of some of their virtues and especially of their passion for improving people and things, the English do not make themselves liked by other nations, not even in India, where they are honestly doing their best for the natives. They are too stiff, too dry, too unsympathetic, too much disposed to make their own notions and customs the universal standard of right. Toward races which they think their inferiors they are less often cruel and far less often unjust than most European peoples. But they are contemptuous or, at best, condescending. They do not allow the subject to forget that he is not only a subject but an inferior. Their very indifference to his opinion of them is the most constant evidence of their pride. Between them and the Irish there is a sort of incompatibility like that which exists between the German and the Slav. It is true that they do not hate the Irish as the Germans hate the Slavs, and as the Lowland Scotch hated the Celtic Highlanders, even so recently as in the days of Thomas Carlyle's youth. An Englishman is not sensible of any antipathy to an individual Irishman. and it need not be said that an individual Irishman has every chance, and uses it, of success in England. In the professions of arms and law and medicine, in the church, in literature and science, many of the leading men of modern Britain are Irish by birth or education,—real Irishmen with their Irish quality, perhaps even their Irish speech betraying them. But for Ireland as a whole, or for any group of Irishmen associating themselves as Irishmen, the English have a feeling which, if not dislike, is at least distrust, and which, though hardly to be called contemptuous, is certainly not respectful. An Irishman who is content to be even as an Englishman is received on the same footing. But Irishmen who obtrude their Hibernian character and nationality are ill-regarded. Then local patriotism is thought ridiculous 'What have they to be proud of?' says the Englishman; 'why cannot they leave that nonsense alone, and be satisfied to be citizens of this great United Kingdom?"

Mme. Monjeska has just given a little illustration of what pluck combined with a woman's enthusiasm may accomplish. Although much worn by a long and toilsome season, mainly "upon the road," she played the last engagement in Booth's Theatre on Monday evening, April 30, started the next morning for San Francisco, traveled the 3,000 miles overland in six days, and arriving on Monday, May 7, in time for one hurried rehearsal, in the evening faced, as the San Francisco *Bulletin* asserts, as critical an audience as can be assembled in any American city, and won its plaudits.

Theological Endorsement.

The Baltimore (Md.) *Day* publishes the magical cure of Mr. John Cusack, catholic seminarian, St. Mary's Theological Seminary, Baltimore, Md., who had suffered for months with pleuradinia (rheumatism of the chest), and had tried all that the best medical talent could suggest, without relief. He finally tried St. Jacob's Oil and was entirely cured. He gives this to the public in the hope of relieving suffering humanity, and believes the great paincure to be the "universal reliever."

An inconsistent Western idiot lost $50 by speculation, took a dose of poison to get rid of trouble, and then hunted up a doctor whom he offered $1,000 to save his life.

A SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.

A New and Most Important Theory on One of the Most Vital Questions of the Day.

If anyone had informed Queen Elizabeth in her palmiest days that she could have been seated in her palace in London and conversed with Sir Walter Raleigh in his North Carolina home, receiving a reply from him within an hour's time, she would have declared it to be a miracle. And yet, had they lived in the present day, this apparent miracle would most readily have been witnessed and not seem at all strange or unnatural. The truth is, new principles are coming into existence and the operation of many laws unknown in the past is being fully understood in the present. In no way does this fact come more forcibly to the mind than in the care and treatment of the human body. Millions of people have died in the past ages from some insignificant or easily controlled cause which is thoroughly understood now and readily handled. Consumption during the entire past has been considered an incurable disease. And yet it is demonstrated that it has been and can be cured, even after it has had a long run. Dr. Felix Oswald has just contributed a notable article on this subject to the *Popular Science Monthly*. He regards consumption as pulmonary scrofula. The impurities of the blood produce a constant irritation in the lungs thus destroying their delicate tissues and causing death. His theory shows conclusively that consumption is a blood disease. It has its origin primarily in a deranged condition of the kidneys or liver, the only two organs of the body, aside from the lungs, that purify the blood. When the kidneys or liver are diseased they are in a sore or lacerated state which communicates poison to every ounce of blood that passes through them This poisonous blood circulates through the system and comes to the lungs, where the poison is deposited, causing decomposition in the finely formed cells of the lungs. Any diseased part of the body has contaminating power, and yet the blood, which is the life of the system, is brought into direct contact with these poisoned organs, thus carrying contagion to all parts of the body. Bishop Jesse T. Peck, D.D., LL. D., whose death has been so recently regretted, is reported to have died of pneumonia, which medical authorities affirm indicates a diseased condition of the kidneys. It is well known, moreover, that for several years he has been the victim of severe kidney trouble, and the pneumonia which finally terminated his life was only the last result of the previous blood poisoning. The deadly matter which is left in the lungs by the impure blood clogs up and finally chokes the patient. When this is accomplished rapidly it is called pneumonia or quick consumption, when slowly, consumption, but in any event it is the result of impure blood, caused by diseased kidney and liver.

These are facts of science and vouched for by all the leading physicians of the day. They show the desirability—nay, the necessity, of keeping these most important organs in perfect condition, not only to insure health, but also to escape death. It has been fully shown, to the satisfaction of nearly every unprejudiced mind that Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure is the only known remedy that can cure and keep in health the great blood purifying organs of the body. It acts directly upon these members, healing all ulcers which may have formed in them and placing them in a condition to purify and not poison the blood. This is no idle statement nor false theory. Mr. W. C. Beach, foreman of the Buffalo, N. Y., Rubber Type Foundry was given up to die by both physicians and friends. For four years he had a terrible cough, accompanied by night sweats, chills, and all the well known symptoms He spent a season South and found no relief. He says "I finally concluded to try Warner's Safe Cure and in three months I gained twenty pounds, recovered my lost energy and my health was fully restored." The list could be prolonged indefinitely but enough has been said to prove to every sufferer from pulmonic troubles that there is no reason to be discouraged in the least, and that health can be restored.

A "patent inside" newspaper is more indicative of a dead town than a live editor.—*New York Commercial.*

"Buchupaiba"

Quick complete cure, all annoying Kidney Bladder and Urinary Diseases. $1 Druggists.

"THIS IS GLORY—THIS IS FAME!"—Langtry? Langtry? Mrs. Langtry? Why, yes, yes—seems to us we have her "ad" somewhere in the daily now. Diavolo, run down stairs and ask the business manager what kind of medicine Mrs. Langtry invented. Business manager keeps run of all that sort of thing, sir. Up stairs we only know the people of the literary and dramatic world. Oh, yes; name's very familiar; we've seen it somewhere, but can't just now remember in what connection.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

"All Ought to Know."

TITUSVILLE, PA., March 12, 1881

H. H. Warner & Co: *Sirs*—I am fully satisfied that your Safe Kidney and Liver Cure saved my life, and that I would have been dead months ago had I not used it. I look upon it as a great blessing to mankind and a remedy that all ought to know. J. A. COUTANT.

Pupil "Is it known, sir, whether Euclid personally bore the character of a trustworthy man, careful of his statements?" Tutor "Well, I cannot say that his private life is a matter of history; but—" Pupil. "But from his writing, sir, would you say he was to be depended upon?" Tutor "Ah—yes; certainly I should. But why do you ask?" Pupil "Well, in that case, sir, don't you think we might accept this proposition without further discussion?"

☞"*Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills cured my wife immediately of neuralgia.*" H. M. Cocklin, Shepherdtown, Pa. 50c. at druggists.

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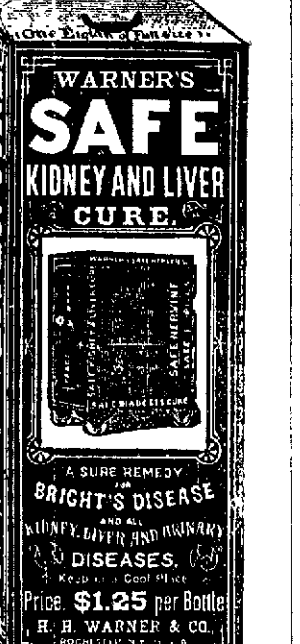
MISCELLANEOUS.



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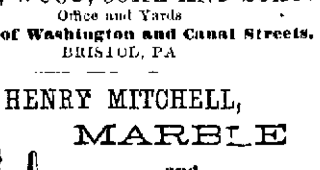

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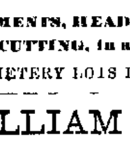

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Vare's Self-Adjusting Hooks
FOR WAGONS, CARTS, AND AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

THE only device ever invented for the purpose and its simplicity and practicability commends it to all persons using horses. Farmers especially have long needed Hooks of this kind, as the old style ones comes unhooked, and if a whiffletree is broken the farmer is compelled to quit work, however busy the season or important the work, and ride miles and wait hours to have a new one made and the irons attached.

The old fashioned hooks and staples or clips and rings, as we see on the whiffletrees and leave projections beyond the traces which injure peach and other fruit trees, as the ... down corn, and the centre hook being attached to the rear instead of in front of the whiffletree causes it to work stiff and chafe the horses shoulders. In the new device all these objections are overcome as there is not come unfastened and in case of breakage the farmer can soon make a whiffletree and attach the hooks himself. The traces being flush with the ends of the whiffletree there is no injury to ... trees or corn and the centre hook being attached in front allows the whiffletree to work with perfect ease thereby preventing any sore shoulders to horses. In a word it is safe and simple has no ... or get out of order

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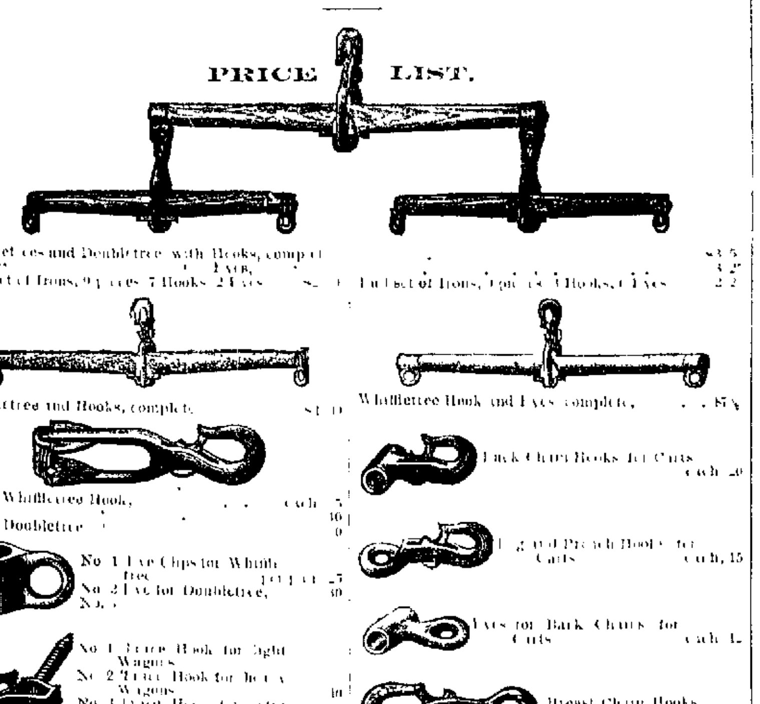

Whiffletrees and Doubletree with Hooks, complete ... Full set of Irons, ... 7 Hooks, 2 Eyes ... Full set of Irons, ... Hooks, ... Eyes

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No 1 Whiffletree Hook, ... each ... Doubletree ...

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Back Chain Hooks for Carts each ...

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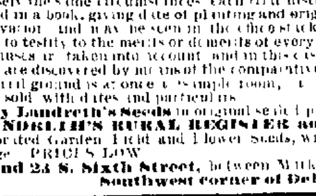

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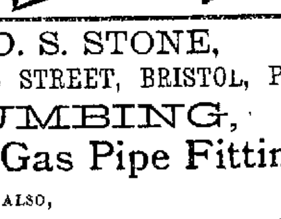

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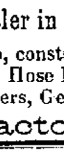

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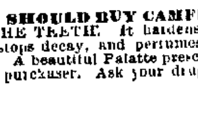

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